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THE

INDIAN CHAMBER,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

MRS. CATHERINE ANN WARFIELD,
AND
MRS. ELEANOR PERCY LEE:

THE

SISTERS OF THE WEST,

AUTHORS OF THE "WIFE OF LEON, AND OTHER POEMS."



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TO

William Cullen Bryant, Esq.,

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF THE EARLY PLEASURE AND
INSTRUCTION THEY DERIVED FROM THE PERUSAL OF HIS
POEMS, AND OF THE INDULGENT OPINIONS HE
EXPRESSED OF THEIR FORMER

VOLUME,

“THE WIFE OF LEON, AND OTHER POEMS,”

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED, BY ITS
AUTHORS,

MRS. CATHERINE ANN WARFIELD,
MRS. ELEANOR PERCY LEE.

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LEGEND

OF

THE INDIAN CHAMBER.

PART FIRST.

“BASIL! set my house in order,
For, when I return to-day,
I shall bring with me a stranger,
Tarrying on his homeward way.
Open fling the INDIAN CHAMBER,
And the arras free from mould;
There array a goodly banquet,
Such as cheered my sires of old;
When, from chase or war returning,
Dukes and princes of my line,
From the evening till the morning,
Filled the cup and drained the wine.”

“ Master, in thy lordly castle
 There are many halls of pride,
Where no damp the walls encumber—
 Where no spells of gloom abide.
In the gallery of the Titans,
 In the hall of Count Lothaire,
In the grand saloon of columns,
 Better had ye banquet there.
But the dreary Indian Chamber,
 Oh ! bethink you, master mine—
There have slept, in mortal slumber,
 All the princes of your line.

“ There the mourners ever gather,
 Forth to bear the noble dead—
There you saw your stately father,
 And your noble brother laid ;
There, save in these times of anguish,
 Never, since my life began,
Entered in a ray of sunlight,
 Or the step of mortal man.
And the sounds of mystic meaning—
 Master ! need I speak of these ?—
Which from that lone eastern chamber
 Meet the ear—the spirit freeze !”

With a brow of haughty pallor,
Straight the Baron turned away,
In a scornful accent saying,
“ ’Tis my mandate, slave! obey.”
Then in haste, with gloomy aspect,
Forth he went upon his steed,
Rushing headlong on his pathway,
Like an evil spirit freed.
And with sad and stricken spirit,
Basil watched his lord depart,
While a dark and evil omen,
Hearse-like, pressed upon his heart.

Long he lingered at the portal,
Bound as with a gloomy dream ;
Long he looked upon the landscape,
Which before him ceased to seem ;
Then, with low and prayerful mutterings,
Shaking oft his tresses gray,
Clasping oft his withered fingers,
Basil went upon his way.
Passed he up the ancient stairway,
Groped he through the echoing aisle,
Where, to seek the olden chapel,
Oft had passed a kingly file.

Climbed he the remotest turret
Of that castle grand and vast,
And before the Indian Chamber
Wearily he paused at last ;
Yes, a moment there he faltered,
He who oft had stood the shock
Of the hottest, fiercest battle,
Firm as a primeval rock.
On the bolt his fingers trembled,
Scarcely could their strength uncloze
The immense and ponderous fastening,
Rusted by its long repose.

Yet a moment—yet a moment,
Ere the door was open flung,
Paused the old and awe-struck Basil,
Fervent *aves* on his tongue.
As if Heaven his prayer had answered,
Peace and comfort round him stole,
And a calm and lofty courage
Nerved his hand and filled his soul.
With a slight, yet sudden effort,
Back the oaken door he threw,
And upon the darkened threshold
Stood the fearful place to view.

Dark and dreary was that chamber,
Which in lengthened gloom appeared,
With its dark and mystic arras,
Wrought in symbols wild and weird.
Life-like were the gorgeous figures,
Giant-like they seemed to loom
In the dim, imperfect twilight
Of that long-forsaken room.
Warily the old man entered—
With a solemn step he trod
Through the drear and dark apartment,
Trusting to his Father's God.

In the ample hearth he kindled
Brands that, in departed days,
Quenched and blackened, had been left there—
Strange and ghostly seemed their blaze.
And upon the marble table
Ranged the regal store of plate,
And arrayed the goodly banquet,
As became his master's state :
Urn and vase and chalice brimming
With the floods of ruby wine,
As beseemed the dukes and princes
Of that mighty Norman line.

Then he silently betook him
To his first appointed task—
Wiping from the ancient arras
Many a spot of mould and mask.
But the dark and loathing horror,
It befits me not to speak,
Which, while still his task pursuing,
Shook his hand, and blanched his cheek ;
For he could not but remember
How, in long departed years,
Woven was that wonderous fabric
By the spells of Indian seers.

Wrought with themes of Hindoo story,
Life-like, in their coloring bold,
Yemen's fall, and Vishnu's glory,
Was that arras quaint and old ;
Juggernaut's remorseless chariot,
Funeral pyre, and temple proud,
Bungalow, and Rajah's palace,
With their strange and motley crowd ;
Jungle, low, and flower-crowned river,
Dancing girls, with anklets bright ;
These, like gorgeous dreams of fever,
Crowded on the gazer's sight.

And the long and twisting serpents,
And the tigers crouching, grim,
Seemed the dark and fearful guardians
Of that Indian Chamber dim.
To the simple, earnest spirit
Of the old and faithful man,
For a Christian hand to touch them,
Was to merit Christian ban.
Saint and martyr inly calling,
Still he wrought his master's will,
When a terror more appalling,
Caused his very veins to chill.

In that dreary Indian Chamber,
Strangely grand and desolate,
With its long and hearse-like hangings,
Stood a plumed bed of state.
Closed around with solemn mystery
As a kingly purple pall,
High it towered, a silent history
Of departed funeral.
And with eyes amazed—distended
By their dread and spell-bound look—
Basil gazed in stony horror,
Lo! the trailing curtains shook!

And a groan of hollow anguish
From the close-drawn hangings broke,
As if one for ages sleeping
Suddenly to torture woke—
God of terror!—slowly parted
By a wan and spectral hand,
Back were drawn the purple curtains—
Back, as with a spirit wand.
And a face of ghostly beauty,
With its dark and streaming hair,
And its eyes of ghoul-like brightness,
Seemed upon his sense to glare.

How in that terrific moment
Basil's senses kept their throne,
Is alone to God and angels
In its wonderous mystery known.
How he gathered faith and firmness
To uplift his aged hand,
And address the disembodied,
Man may never understand.
Save that in the ghostly features
Still a semblance he descried,
To the high and lovely lady,
Who had been his master's bride.

“ In the name of God the Father,
In the name of God the Son,
In the name of all good angels,
Speak to me unearthly one.
Answer why, from wave returning,
Moanest thou in anguish here ;
Surely for some holy purpose
Thou art suffered to appear.
If for evil, I defy thee,
By the cross upon my breast,
By my faith in life eternal,
And my yearning hope for rest.”

Then with moveless lips the Phantom
Spake in low and hollow tones,
As if shaped to words and meaning
Were the night-wind's hollow moans.
“ Basil ! darkly was I murdered
Sailing on the River Rhine,
By thy harsh and ruthless master,
Last of an illustrious line.
False the tale his lips have uttered,
False the tears his eyes have shed—
I was hurled upon the water
With the marks of murder red.

“ Basil ! thou art good and faithful,
Thee I charge, by hopes divine,
With a hundred chanted masses,
Shrive my soul by Mary’s shrine.
None shall stay thy holy fervor,
None forbid the sacred rite ;
For thy master’s life is destined
To expire in crime to night.”
Fixed in awe, the aged Basil
Gazing on the spectre stood ;
But not with the waning Phantom
Passed away his icy mood.

Long in that drear Indian Chamber,
Like a form of sculptured stone,
Kept the old and awestruck servant,
Vigil terrible and lone ;
Till the sound of coming footsteps,
And of voices loud and clear,
And of ringing spur and sabre,
Smote upon his spell-bound ear.
And in haste the door was opened,
And with high and plumed crest
Entered in the noble Baron
Ushering in a foreign guest.

“ Basil ! all is dark and sombre,
Cast fresh fagots on the hearth,
And illume the silver sconces
To preside above our mirth.
Let the chamber glow like sunlight ;
Ill this gloom befits our glee.”
Then loud laughed the stately Baron,
Seldom, seldom, so laughed he.
'T was a sound that chilled with terror
All that knew his nature well :
T'was the Heaven's electric flashing
Ere the bolt of lightning fell.

PART SECOND.

Now the chamber glowed like sunlight—
Strange and wonderous in that glare,
Was the weird and ancient arras,
Were the figures woven there ;
Wavering with the flickering torches
Seemed the motley multitude ;
Twisting serpent, rolling chariot,
All with ghostly life imbued.

Crouching tiger—hideous idol—
All that grand and splendid masque,
Mixture strange of truth and fable,
As in sunshine seemed to bask.

“Long have I sojourned in India,”
Thus the lofty stranger said;
“There, for wealth and idle treasure,
Health and youth and blood I shed.
And I feel like one who dreameth,
As I on these walls survey,
All those objects so familiar,
Year by year and day by day.”
All in strange and blended splendor,
Like a vision of the night—
Never yet on earthly fabric
Glowed a scene so rich and bright.

Fixed upon the spell-wrought arras
Was the Eastern stranger's gaze;
With his head and heart averted,
There he dreamed of other days.
When, with eyes of watchful terror,
Basil saw his master glide,

And within the golden chalice
Brimming with its purple tide,
With a stealthy, glancing motion,
As a conjuror works his spell,
Cast a drop of ruby liquid
From a tiny rose-lipped shell.

“Hither turn, thou Eastern dreamer,
Pledge me in this golden cup;
'Tis our old and feudal custom,
He who tastes must quaff it up.
Why that brow of gloom and pallor?
Answer, why that sudden start?”
Low the Eastern stranger muttered
Of the spells that chilled his heart.
“No! my eyes have not deceived me,
As I fondly dreamed erewhile:
See, the victim bride's descending
From the Rajah's funeral pile.

See, she cometh, wildly streaming
Are her robes; her raven hair:
See, she cometh; darkly gleaming
From her eyes their fell despair.

Now she stands beside the altar,
In the Brahmin's sacred shrine ;
Now a jewelled cup she seizes,
Flames within it seem to shine.
Now, O God ! she leaves the arras,
Steps upon the chamber floor ;
We are lost—the prey of demons ;—
Baron ! I will gaze no more.”

Turned away the soul-sick stranger,
Traversed he the chamber high,
When the Baron's awful aspect
Chained his step and fixed his eye.
Never from his memory perished,
Through long years of after life
In the camp, the court, the battle,
That remorseful face of strife.
Rooted as a senseless statue,
In his hand the cup of gold ;
Lips apart and eyes distended,
Stood the Norman Baron bold.

High her cup the Phantom lifted,
Flames within it seemed to roll ;

Then alone these words she uttered,
 “ *Pledge me in thy feudal bowl.*”
Chained and speechless, guest and servant
 Saw the Baron drain the draught ;
Saw him fall convulsed and blackened,
 As the deadly bowl he quaffed ;
Saw the Phantom bending o’er him,
 As libation on his head
Slowly, and with mien exulting,
 From the cup of flames she shed.

Then a shriek of smothered anguish
 Rang the Indian Chamber through,
While a gust of icy bleakness
 From the waving arras blew.
In its breath the watchers shuddered,
 And the portals open rung,
And the ample hearth was darkened,
 As if ice was on it flung.
And the lofty torches warring
 For a moment in the blast,
In their sconces were extinguished
 Leaving darkness o’er the past !

A FRAGMENT.

“THE HAND OF PAIN HATH STRICKEN HER SEVERELY.”

THE hand of pain hath stricken her severely,
And left on her young cheek the lines of age ;
Yet these are outward tokens—symbols merely,
That she approacheth to her heritage ;
And that the soul, aside its fetters casting,
Soon shall assume a glory everlasting.

Nothing of this—the agony—the wearing,
And sullen anguish of the brow and breast,
Have dared intrude where high its sceptre bearing,
The spirit sits enthroned in God-like rest.
Calm, and awaiting with a glance far-seeing,
The hour of its release to perfect being.

Oh ! never yet, have I beheld so plainly
The severing of the spirit from the clay,
Nor felt how impotently and how vainly
Death strives to war with Deity in sway ;
As arrow after arrow fast descending,
Pours thick and dark—yet leaves the soul unbending.

And when, at last, from the full poisoned quiver,
The keenest dart is chosen for the string,
And the freed soul soars to its mighty Giver,
What then remaineth for the grisly king ?
A cage from whence the bird on airy pinion,
Hath fled to revel in a wide dominion—

A fane forsaken, and a hearth deserted—
A prison tenantless, and void, and dim,
Whence the acquitted have in joy departed—
These are the relics that remain to him,
The Lord of shadows !—these are all he claimeth,
And yet men tremble when his name man nameth.

This doth not she ! Yet with no stern defiance
She dares the avenger to his work of weal ;
Hers is the calm and beautiful reliance
On God—*her* God—that all on earth should feel.

Well hath she loved him, and full well she knoweth
That he is round her wheresoe'er she goeth.

Whether upon the bosom of life's ocean,
Or on eternity's sublimer sea,
It matters little to such pure devotion—
Ever content beneath his wing to be ;
That pinion which o'er all its care-watch holdeth,
And those alike who live, or die, enfoldeth.

Yet is she not of those whose eyes are darkened
To all the beauties of the world she leaves ;
Not vainly hath her ear from childhood hearkened
To the inspired voices nature weaves,
And which, to that deep heart of passionate feeling,
Have ever seemed God's manifest revealing.

Still loveth she the sunshine and the shadow,
The rush of rivers, and the falling rain ;
Dear to her spirit are the wood and meadow,
The rock, the mountain, and the forest fane—
Dear, with unutterable tearful yearning,
Are all these things from which her steps are turning.

And they who hold their watch beside the dying,
Mark with amaze her love for all things bright,
And marvel that the flowers around her lying
Have power to stir her spirit to delight—
To fill, while gazing on their beauty tender,
Her large, dark eyes with spiritual splendor.

But well she loves from types like these to gather,
The proof that nature is not desolate ;
To trace the love and wisdom of the Father,
Not only in the manifest and great,
But in the slight, the frail, the earth-abiding,
And feel his mighty hand o'er all presiding.

And she will answer to the voices urging
Her soul to penance, tearfulness and prayer,
As fitted for a life from sin emerging—

“ I will not seek my Father in despair ;
Not in a mood so dark—so vain a spirit—
Shall I approach the kingdom I inherit.

“ The God I worship from no man demandeth
Council, or guidance in his purpose wise ;
I am content to dwell where he commandeth ;
My soul upon his merciful love relies,

With a deep confidence—a peace Elysian,
That heeds not human wisdom or derision.

“ Prayers, save of tenderness, most devout thanks-
giving,

Leave not my lips—I question not his will,
But hope within me dwells, that of the living
I shall be numbered when this pulse is still.
And in the fervent trust of life immortal,
I tremble not to pass the gloomy portal.

“ He who hath unto all things places given,
From the slight blossom nestling in the grass,
To the inscrutable high hosts of Heaven—

He who appoints the seasons as they pass,
And leads the comet on his path of wonder—
He who hath put the night and day asunder—

“ The land and wave—say ? shall the destination
Of that—the greatest of God’s mysteries—
The soaring spark that animates creation,

Be left to headlong chance, or man’s decrees ?
No ! I will still believe the all decreeing
Appointeth well all changes of our being !”

Go to thy home—O spirit, calm and saintly,
I ask not to withhold thee from thy rest ;
For thou art not of those who, coldly, faintly,
Believe and tremble!--Never, on that blest
And God-like realm—where dove-like peace hath
brooded
Above a waste of pain—have doubts intruded.

The shadows of the grave are round thee falling,
Dim grows the path beneath thy weary feet,
Voices, unheard to all save thee, are calling
The sister spirit to communion sweet.

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THE LOCK OF CHESNUT HAIR.

SHE wore it next her bosom,
That lock of chesnut hair ;
She wore it there in hours of joy,
In visions of despair.
It was to her a chalice
Of dark and bitter grief,
Yet when it touched her bosom
She felt a strange relief.

She wore it next her bosom,
That lock so darkly pale ;
As if such passing token,
Could o'er her fate prevail.
But strangely still tenacious
Of all he left her here ;
She pressed that dark tress to her heart,
With many a hidden tear.

In festal scenes she bore it,
Mid smiles, and light, and wine ;
And she thought on him who wore it
Upon his brow divine.
She heard the laughter near her,
And she saw the dancers bound ;
But her heart was like a chamber
Where hollow echoes sound.

She trod along earth's garden,
Amid the roses bloom ;
But her lonely soul was standing
In the shadow of the tomb.
To her came back the glory,
The aspect bright and rare,
With all its faded splendor
Of him who gave that hair.

She wore it next her bosom,
That lock of darksome gleam ;
In the stillness of the midnight
When her heart went forth to dream.
And oft its palely shining
In that chamber vast and dim,
Hath borne her startled waking
Some fleeting glance of him.

She wore it next her bosom,
When she laid her down to die ;
And she seemed to grasp it closer
As the parting hour grew nigh.
And when the night grew darker
Around her failing brow,
I could see that recollection
Was struggling wild below.

But when her spirit's burthen
Was yielded up to death,
I raised the faithful token
From the moveless heart beneath.
She had gone forth to meet him,
The high—the true—the rare !
And idly to her bosom
Was pressed that chesnut hair.

THE BIRD OF WASHINGTON.

[The taking of the eagle called the "Bird of Washington," on the banks of the Kentucky river, by Audubon, suggested the following lines.]

ABOVE that dark, romantic stream
Gray rocks and gloomy forests tower,
And o'er its sullen floods the dream
Of Lethe seems to lower ;
Low, shadowed by its frowning steeps,
The deep and turbid river sweeps.

It sweeps along through many a cleft
And chasm in the mountains gray,
Which in forgotten years were reft
To give its waters way ;
And far above, in martial lines,
Like warriors, stand the plumed pines.

Erect and firm they lift on high,
 Their pointed tops and funeral spires,
And seem to pierce the sunset sky,
 And bask amid its fires ;
And when the mountain winds are loud,
Their branches swell the anthem proud.

Few steps have dared those rugged ways—
 The precipice is steep and stern ;
And those who on its ramparts gaze,
 From the drear aspect turn,
With little heart to tempt the path
Bared by the storm and lightning's scathe.

But those who love the awful might
 Of nature's dreariest solitude,
May find on that repulsive height
 A scene to match their mood ;
And from its summit look abroad
On the primeval works of God.

There, in that loneliness profound,
 The soul puts forth a stronger wing,
And soars, from worldly chains unbound,
 A proud, triumphant thing,

To claim its kindred with the sky,
And feel its latent deity.

'T was there that, at the set of sun,
A traveler watched an eagle's flight,
Now lost amid the vapors dun
That ushered in the night,
Now wheeling through the vault of space,
In wild intricacies of grace.

And as declined the crimson gleam
Behind the mountain's purple crest,
He saw him sink, with sudden scream,
Upon his rocky nest ;
Then, clambering up the rugged way,
The traveler sought his kingly prey.

Through bush and brake, o'er loosened rock,
That, sliding from his footsteps slow,
Went plunging, with a sudden shock,
Into the wave below ;
O'er fallen tree, and serpents' brood,
He sought the eagle's solitude.

Emerging from the coppice, dark,
That crowned the frowning precipice,
He stood in silent awe to mark
The fathomless abyss,
Which yawned beneath him, deep and stern,
And barred him from the eagle's cairn.

A deer, half-maddened by the chase,
Had once in safety leaped across ;
Such was the legend of the place—
Yet difficult it was
For those who heard to comprehend
How fear itself such strength could lend.

And thus divided from his prey,
The traveler watched that mountain king,
As, gazing on the dying day,
He sat with folded wing,
And looked the fable of the Greek—
The bird with thunder in his beak.

So calm, so full of quiet might
He seemed upon his craggy throne ;
In his dark eye so much of light,
Of mind, of meaning shone,

That for a moment hand and heart
Refused to do their deadly part.

Exulting creature ! thee no more
The sunlight summoned from thy rest,
On wild and warring wing to soar,
With tempest on thy crest ;
No more the glorious day's decline
Brought calm repose to heart of thine.

Whelmed in the life stream of thy breast,
Thine eaglets perished in their lair,
And thou, upon thy crag-perched nest,
In impotent despair,
In wild, in sick, in deadly strife,
Didst yield thy glorious mountain life.

Then falling from thine eyrie lone,
Where oft with proud, unquailing eye,
Thou didst survey the noonday sun,
To worship or defy ;
Where oft thy voice out-shrieked the blast--
The stream received his lord at last.

But, eagle! no ungenerous foe
Was he who snatched thee from the wave,
And watched thy last expiring throe
With sighs for one so brave;
He gave thee, monarch of the river,
A name that bids thee live forever!

LINES.

No voice hath breathed upon my ear
Thy name since last we met ;
No sound disturbed the silence drear,
Where sleep entombed from year to year
Thy memory, my regret.

It was not just, it was not meet,
For one so loved as I,
To coldly hear thy parting feet,
To lose for aye thine accents sweet,
Nor feel a wish to die.

Oh, no ! such heartless calm was not
The doom deserved by thee ;
Thou whose devotedness was bought
By years of gloom, an alien's lot,
A grave beyond the sea.

I deemed not then that time at last
Should link with tears thy name ;
And from the ashes of the past,
That sorrow, with its bitter blast,
Should wake the avenging flame.

I deemed not then that when the grave
Had made thee long its own,
My soul with yearnings deep should crave
The truth, the fervent love that gave
Thy heart its passionate tone.

And yield to olden memories
The boon it once denied,
When, with calm brow and tearless eyes,
I saw thy faded energies,
I mocked thy broken pride.

All this is past, thou art at rest,
And now the strife is mine ;
In turn I bear the weary breast,
The restless heart, the brain oppressed,
That in those years were thine.

And all too late, the consciousness
Of thy perfections rare,
Thy deep, thy fervent tenderness,
Thy true, thy strong devotedness,
Have waked me to despair.

THE NATCHEZ LIGHTHOUSE.

Lofty and lone it stood,
That towery lighthouse, on my native shore ;
And from the impending cliff looked on the flood,
To light the waters o'er.

Oft from that river low,
I 've upward gazed into the Heavens' breast,
And deemed that turret's bright and steady glow
An orb that lit the west.

Often, returning far
From my young wanderings over shore and sea,
I 've deemed that beacon blaze a glorious star,
By angels lit for me.

But with the passing years,
I saw that old, dark tower was of the earth ;
Yet loved I it, even unto gushing tears—
It lit my *place of birth*.

There, there alone had I
A right to stretch my arms towards the clay
That held my mother's dust, and let the cry
From my deep soul have way.

And evermore I turned,
With a true heart, unto the old dark tower,
To see, if yet its Heaven-borne fires burned
As in my natal hour.

But at the last I came,
And darkness found ; upon that lonely spire
New lights had come, and put the old to shame :
They quenched thee, faithful fire.

Extinguished beacon !—yet
Unto my soul still dear thy gloomy tower—
Thou wert a star, I cannot all forget,
To me in childhood's hour.

Thus to my place of birth,
My heart still turns with fervor to the last :
Though all her glory were extinct on earth,
My love would hold her fast.

Though on that spot again,
My kindred's steps should never more be known,
My birthplace holds my spirit in her chain—
For am I not her own ?

Never, again, shalt thou,
Lighthouse ! shine bright, over that cliff so bold ;
Never shall childhood's eye, far, far below,
Vigils of deep love hold.

A faithful watch both kept :
Yet thee they yield, with all thy fires, to gloom ;
But in *my* breast immortal life hath leapt,
And such is not its doom.

Yes, thou and I have burned
With a wild flame, awhile to soar on high :
Thou unto darkness hast thy visage turned,
To heavenly glory I.

THE LAST HYACINTH.

THE last, the very last,
Where late their beauty cast
A spell of witchery to the April sun ;
Where late their fragrance poured,
Like an Arabian hoard
Of frankincense and balm, I find *but one*.

But one ! yet this how fair !
As if some angel care
Had stretched a saving pinion o'er the place.
Here still in light it dwells,
With all its sculptured bells,
Alone amid the ruins of its race.

Here, still, its perfume sheds
Libation on the heads
Of the frail victims of its kindred band ;
And with a breath divine,
The south winds from its shrine
Go richly laden o'er the vernal land.

Thou lone and lovely thing,
Thou favored child of spring,
Fain would I snatch thee from that slow decline,
Which on thy life must fall,
E'en as it blighted all
The beautiful, the perished of thy line.

Fain would I, glorious flower,
If only for an hour,
Upon my brow—my breast—thy beauty bind ;
Inhale thy breath divine,
Pore o'er thy blossoms fine,
Then give them to the wave and to the wind.

Thus would thy death to me
Less dark and mournful be,
Than nature's slow and lingering work of change.
Still might I see thee shine,
In after dreams of mine,
In all thy beauty, delicate and strange.

But were thy glorious bloom
Snatched from that darker tomb,

That slow decay of incense and of grace ;
A pale and wasted thing
Would meet the future spring—
A shadowy form that glorious life replace.

No, I in love forbear—
Remain, and wither there,
On the green stem that well thy pride sustains ;
Then, unto earth returned,
Lie quietly inurned—
In the dark bulb thy life-spring sure remains.

When the spring's voice is heard,
When nature's heart is stirred,
With the warm sweeping of the April rain ;
And a mighty thrill goes forth
Through the pulses of the earth,
Thou shalt revive to light and life again.

Ay, beautiful as now,
Thy young and peerless brow
Shall spotlessly emerge from dust and clay ;
So may my soul arise,
O Lord of Paradise,
In thy bright garden, on the Judgment Day.

THE LAKE OF CŒUR CREVE.

“ He was a stricken deer that left the crowd,
In solitude to perish !”

I stood beside that placid lake
 Begirt by forests gray,
Which beareth for a mourner's sake
 The name of Cœur Crèvé !
I marked its utter solitude,
The shadows deep that seemed to brood
 Above its glassy rest—
The moss that wrapt each giant limb,
And flung a drapery long and dim
 Upon the water's breast.

The bittern's solitary cry
 Burst on my startled ear,
And wheeling upwards to the sky,
 I saw an eagle veer.

But these were all, in earth or air,
That spoke of life or motion there ;
And well that stillness deep,
Accorded with the memory
Of one, whose weary heart and eye
Here closed in peaceful sleep.

The old sad legend still they tell
Beside the Indian hearth,
Of one who bore some bitter spell
O'er all the expanse of earth.
And strange it is that souls like these—
Unskilled in feeling's mysteries,
Unschool'd in sorrow's sway—
Should melt to tones of tenderness,
When speaking of the deep distress,
The fate of Cœur Crèvé.

He came, they tell, from lands afar,
Across the waters wide,
And followed setting sun and star,
Led by some spirit guide ;
Until he stood among their sires
Beside the blazing council fires,
A meek, yet fearless man—

Unarmed, and sorrowful, and worn,
As he some bitter grief had borne
Too deep for human scan.

With hand outstretched in brotherhood,
And lifted cross he came ;
Nor is it warrior habitude
To ask the stranger's name.
Of home, of lineage, or of lot,
His courtesy inquireth not,
By look, or deed, or speech—
Forbearance beautiful and proud,
Which to the city's curious crowd
Might well a lesson teach.

It was enough, he stood among
Their wigwams and their braves ;
And, speaking in the stirring tongue
Of lands beyond the waves,
He asked of them a place of rest,
For one of weary brain and breast,
Nor craved in vain the boon ;—
For him the festive board was spread,
For him the calumets were red,
Beneath the harvest moon.

And for the pale-faced man of grief
A bark-clad home they reared,
Beside the wigwam of their chief,
Nor fur, nor trophy spared—
Nor gorgeous plumes, nor panther's hide,
To deck its humble walls with pride
And grace its lowly door;
And there the simple Indian maids
Would hang their votive flowers and braids
When the long day was o'er.

And gently, slowly fell their feet,
Whene'er that home they passed;
It seemed as if that aspect sweet,
A spell around him cast.
The shadow of his sufferings deep
Seemed sacred influence to sweep
Across the path he trod;
And to the children of the wild,
The man of sorrows undefiled,
Seemed sanctified by God.

He stood amid that simple race
A prophet and a seer—
He, who upon the midnight's face
Traced every star's career.

And well foretold the awful day
When o'er the sun a mantle gray
At burning noon should fall,
And when the comet's lurid beam
Across the vault of Heaven should stream
In glory mystical !

Yet humble as the lowliest child
Amid the tribe he stood—
That pale sad face that never smiled—
That mournful attitude,
Of folded arms and downcast head—
That gentle voice, whose sweetness shed
A balm in every sound—
These were the attributes that gave
The meek dominion o'er the brave,
And swayed the iron-bound.

Yes ; still the red man loves to speak
The mournful name he bore—
The good, the fearless, and the meek,
Who sought alone this shore ;
And taught, in words of might and awe,
The wisdom of the Christian law—

The man of peace and prayer,
The weary one, who, 'neath the wave,
Found for his woes a peaceful grave—
A refuge for despair.

THE MAMMOTH LEGEND.

[It is currently believed by the North American Indians, that God destroyed the race of Mammoths with his own hand: save one, who, leaping the Mississippi, sought the Far West, where they say he still exists.]

THE warrior waved his hand, and spake :

——— “ It was not ever thus—

Upon the earth, and waters' face,
The pale men did not spread their race ;
Nor plant their foot upon the shore,
Nor on the waters strain the oar ;
Nor rear before the pale-face' God
A hundred altars on the sod.

The same bright sky is blue above ;
But once upon the wood and lake,
And on the wilderness as well,
The red-man's God was seen to dwell,
A God of wrath and love.”

“ We stand upon this mountain’s brow,
The highest mountain of the earth ;
Upon its summit, nought but snow
Hath ever had a birth.

The proudest growth the forests know,
Is yet a thousand feet below ;
And cannot harbor near the throne
Where the Great Spirit walks alone ;
And at our feet the landscape rests,
The great primeval forest lone ;
But from beneath its branching trees,
And from its pathless mysteries,
And from its prairies blest,
The dwellers all are gone.”

Then gloom was on the Indian’s brow ;
And turning to the white man there
He said, in calmly stern despair,
“ Where dwell the red-men, with their bows ?
Beyond the mountains crowned with snows—
Beyond the slowly reddening sky.
The last of all my race am I.”

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“ It was at setting of the sun,
A thousand, thousand moons ago,
That in yon valley deep below,
Far as the western waters run,
The *Mammoths* grazed upon the plain :
The monarchs of the woods were they,
They towered like mountains dark and gray,
And like the thunders, loudly grand,
Their roarings shook the solid land.
And when in monstrous play they leapt,
The pine trees from their path they swept,
And with their ivory tusks they tore,
The earth that echoed to their roar !

“ The red-men warred upon them long,
Seeking in nets to bind the strong,
And with their arrows vainly tried,
To pierce each dark and shaggy hide ;
For often had they through the vale
Left nought behind their awful trail,
And o’er the Indian village corn
A tide of desolation borne,
And quenched the wigwam’s curling fire,
And waked the Indian hunter’s ire.

Till tribe on tribe, from east to west,
Had joined to hunt them from their rest.

But vain was all their wrath,
That mammoth herd could not be driven
By any hand, save that of Heaven,

Far from the red-man's path ;
And caverns in the mountains cleft,
Received the tribes that yet were left.
But the Great Spirit looked adown,
Across the hills and mountains brown ;
And grieved he for his children red,

And unto them he called aloud,
With accents like the thunder dread,
Pealing from cloud to cloud.

And from the crevice of the rock,

Our sachems made reply ;
And the Great Spirit's pity woke,
And bent him from the sky.

And for his Indian children's sake,
This mountain's brow his throne did make."

" And stretching forth his arm, so dread,
Across the vale and water's bed,

Grasping the lightnings in his hand,
He saw the monarchs of the world—
Their iron brows in furrows curled,

Their giant footsteps treading slow
The crushing branches, far below ;
Their bare white tusks uplifted high,
Like shattered pines against the sky—
Majestic walk the land,
And hence, his thunderbolts he hurled !
And down upon the dusky plain
They fell, in monstrous shapes of pain.
But one, the leader of the herd,
By bolt of Heaven as yet unscarred,
Received upon his shaggy front,
Unharmed, the lightning's scathing brunt,
Returning with his fiery eye,
The flash of God's artillery.
Then leaping o'er the mighty flood,
Whose turbid waters broadening run,
He sought the old primeval wood,
Towards the setting sun.
And still our fathers say, his tread
Is heard afar through forests dread."

"I will not say thy God, pale-face,
Is not a God of power ;
But the Great Spirit of our race,
Shall yet above him tower ;

And bring us back, with bended bows,
Far from the northern land of snows,
And give our hunting-grounds again.

And onward to the battle lead,
And from the water and the plain,
The white man shall recede ;
And, in this trust, I leave the place,
Where my forefathers rest,

And wrap my bison robe, to trace
My path unto the west.

For he who smote the mammoth dread,
Shall watch above his children red.

THE CHILD OF ELLISVALE.

WHERE is the child of Ellisvale,
With forehead like the early morn,
With eye so clear, and cheek so fair,
And locks upon the breezes borne?

That fair hair loosened to the wind
Seems floating in my memory still—
That seraph face, of mortal birth,
Is with me, wander where I will.

Sweet was the child of Ellisvale,
Her form was fair, her face was bright ;
Gay was the young laugh of her soul—
She was a thing of light !

Pure was the child of Ellisvale,
As snow that falls in deserts lone,
Or dew that rests within a flower
No mortal eye hath gazed upon !

There is a path of thornless flowers,
That leads down to the woodland wild ;
And there, in long years past, I used
To meet that sweet, surpassing child.

The morning freshness is divine,
And solemn is the set of sun ;
The evening wind—the midnight dew—
Each hath a sweetness all its own.

But nothing sweet at morn or eve,
Can bid me that dear path forget ;—
And *thou !* lost child of Ellisvale,
I see thee yet—I see thee yet !

Flowers are within thy waxen hands,
And garlands crown thy shining hair,
And thy sweet words come from *the past*,
Like angel accents, on the air.

And mournfulness is on thy brow—
Too tender, too divine for earth—
As if some cherub pinion threw
Its holy shadow o'er thy mirth!

It was a Sabbath afternoon
When my fond spirit met her last—
The sunset's red and gushing rays
Were on her form and vesture cast.

She raised her deep, pure eyes to mine,
And said, "The sky is blue—
There must be many hyacinths there—
I wish I were there too!"

I turned away from that sweet spot—
It was to hide my tears—
I turned away, and viewed it not
Through dark and roving years.

Never again did I behold
That fair and open brow—
They told me that she *died*, and I
Questioned not where, or how.

I asked not how—it was to me
Enough to know *she passed*—
And from that hour a veil to me
Was o'er earth's splendors cast.

I saw things through a softened haze—
Life's dreams and hopes and fears—
As one whose sad and thoughtful gaze
Is dim with unshed tears.

Earth's pageantries of pride became
Like the Arabian's tale—
Where, if you grasp the mirrored forms,
The phantoms faint and fail.

And musing, when the twilight's gloom
Darkeneth the hyacinth heaven,
The child of Ellisvale returns
To the sad heart of even.

How oft I 've asked the lone, sad stars,
Of her who early died ;
Where dwells that thing with shining hair,
Who bounded at my side ?

REMORSE.

“ Alas ! that one word remorse
Shall mar the endeavor,
And chain thee to a corse
Forever and ever.”

THE day had died in splendor royally,
Mid draperies of purple and of gold,
And crimson banners waving o'er its bier ;
And the last yellow tints were fading fast
From earth and sea, and paling in the west,
Into that vague gray shadow which comes down
Over the breast of nature, as deep thought
Upon the human spirit.

Strangely linked,
With all the deeper yearnings of the soul,
The secrets of the inner fane, art thou,
Mysterious twilight ! thou, who didst prevail
O'er chaos, with a drear and brooding weight,
And hadst a name ere night and day began.

Still, in thine ancient guise, thou walk'st the earth,
Thou shadow of the Almighty ; and call'st up
Conscience, and thought, and memory, that sleep
Through the glad busy day and dreaming night,
In long and sad array.

There lives not one
O'er whom thine influence falls not mournfully ;
Thou art prophetic to the few who boast
A happy past, and with thy shadowy hand,
Seemest to lift a corner of the veil
That shuts their present from futurity.
And to the mourning spirit thou revealest
Pale, haunting faces—lost, yet loved not less
Than when they knew no better home than earth,
And wore a human guise.

But to the soul
Where lies a hidden sting of pain, and wrong
Of vain regret, or darker word—remorse,
Thou bring'st, O shadowy twilight, brooding gloom,
And dearth, and restlessness, and agony.

Within a *southern* garden, where the breath
Of flowers went up like incense, and the splash
Of falling fountains made a murmuring voice
Of music sweet, yet same ; there paced a man

Restlessly, to and fro—the lingering light
Fell on his features, pale, and beautiful
As those of the old statues, and with much
Of the ideal tenderness that breathed
Around the marble, till it rivalled life—
Yet with a latent sternness, lurking still
About the august high forehead, and the lip,
And the fine sweeping profile, that recalled
Yet more, a statue's strong similitude.
But wild and stormy changes now o'ercast
Those noble features—sick and wringing pain,
Then shuddering shame, anxiety, despair :
These, plainly as my hand hath traced the word,
Were written on his aspect ; and a prayer—
Which, in its brief and utter desolateness,
Bears more of misery than any boon
A human heart may crave—oft left his lip,
Unconscious of its utterance : “ Oh, my God,
Let me forget—or suffer me *to die !*”

A step was near him. Suddenly he turned,
And bent a long, sad gaze on one whose touch
Had broken the dark spell ; whose white hand lay
Yet on his arm in tenderness ; whose eyes
Were raised with such intensity of love,

They touched the springs of tears. Then he bowed
 down,
 And veiling in his hand his quivering face,
 Wept silently and long ; while mournfully
 Watched over him that angel minister,
 Whose love alone poured balm into his wounds,
 And shone a star o'er the dark waste of life.

Still in that southern garden lingered they,
 The pale and suffering man, and she who seemed
 The genius of his fate. The stars were met
 In starry conclave in their halls above,
 And the moon, in the deep and quiet heaven,
 Rose high amid a maze of fleecy clouds,
 Towards the noon of night. Beneath a bower
 Where breathed the odorous jessamine, they sat
 Communing of the irrevocable past.

His voice was lifted in the solemn night
 In passionate remorse : he, who had stood
 At morn within the crowded council hall,
 Pouring abroad a gush of eloquence
 That stirred the heart as with a trumpet note,
 That called up feeling from its inmost cell,
 And followed motive to its hidden source,
 And touched the electric chain of memory,

Until the mighty mass became as one
Sentient and breathing soul, beneath his spell.

He, the adored, the proud, the eloquent,
The stateliest amid men, now filled the hush
Of night with dark bewailings, while each pause
Of that sad thrilling voice, was filled by tones
Unutterably musical and soft,
Urging love's fondest prayer—

“ Be calm mine own ;
The strife was not thy seeking—thou didst bear,
(Thou, who art fearless as an eagle plumed,)
With saint-like meekness, much of taunt and wrong,
Much scorn and injury, ere they could urge
Thine hand against the man thou lov'st so well—
Ay ! with a brother's tenderness. Be firm ;
Turn from such memories.”

He arose, and paced
The moonlight bower, with folded arms, and head
Bowed to his breast. “ They haunt me yet,” he said,
“ That manly form, those large, dark joyous eyes,
The stately step, the sweet, fresh, ringing laugh,
(Marion ! it was a sound that had no peer,
Save at a fountain, at its freshest source,
Gushing through mountain clefts,) these, these arise,
Darkly and terribly. These haunt me still.

I would forgetfulness were mine ; full oft

That old wild tale of oriental lands
 Comes back, with all its witchery, to my brain,
 Fresh, as when o'er its page I hung entranced
 In my glad boyhood, 'neath the summer boughs.
The waters of oblivion! Where are they,
 Those crystal waters in their marble font?
 For one deep draught I would surrender all
 The eloquence, the power, the wealth, the fame,
 That I have made mine own. All, all, save thee,
 And go with toiling hands, and hopeful heart,
 Forth on the waste of life.

Forgetfulness!

I ask but this ;"—he paused, and choking back
 A tide of agony, went on once more
 In calmer tones : " It is not oft, mine own,
 Believe me, oh ! not often that my soul
 Opens her prison chambers, and gives forth
 Her captive anguish. Even in solitude,
 My habit is not this—and thou hast known,
 Hitherto, from some gloomy mood alone,
 Some sad fantastic humor, some wild dream,
 Whose mutterings startled thee from midnight sleep
 To fearful watches, something of the spell
 That binds me, as the serpent binds the bird,
 Helplessly in its strong and poisonous coils.
 But there are times when, armed with fearful strength,

Burst from their stony cells those prisoners pale,
Those memories, that may not, will not die,
Those agonies that keep a quenchless flame
Burning within their dungeons, as of old
The virgins of the Sun fed, day and night,
Their fire for ages. These arise to daunt,
To taunt me wildly, and I leave the halls,
The haunts of men—even from thy presence flee,
Often to the dark forest, or the brink
Of the deep moaning and unresting sea,
To battle with the fiend !”

Again that voice,
Clear as a silver lute, and redolent
With love and hope, filled the deep hush of pain.

“ Thy virtues—thy profound humility—
Thy charity for all—thy tenderness—
Thy genius, which on eagle’s wings ascends
Above the arrows of thine enemies,
A star for men, a light for after times—
Ay, more than these, thy deep and stern “ *remorse* :”
Shall not these prove atonement at the shrine
Of God, for that one deed—not all thine own,
But forced upon thee by fatality ;
A sorrow, not a crime !”

“ It is in vain ;”

(He spoke as one in utter hopelessness,)

“Marion ! thy gentle sophistry is vain ;
I have essayed that specious reasoning,
That would wipe out, from hands imbrued in blood,
The dark, the gory stain. Much have I striven
To call up all my wrongs, and these array
Against the moment, when my hand unloosed
A spirit from its tenement of clay.
I have remembered all my injuries,
Lived o’er again our feuds ; recalled his wild
And insolent insults—nay, the very blow
That maddened me. Yet have all these failed,
As mists before the red, uprising sun,
Compared to that brief instant. I would give
Life, that once more those lips were here to heap
Their bitterest imprecations on my head,
That hand again, a portion of our mould,
That smote me, harshly, undeservedly,
That haughty heart still beating high with wrath,
O’er which the sod now presses heavily—
Or that I lay beside him in the grave.
I am not self-deluded. I am borne
By some invisible agency along
To power, to fame ; and inspiration hangs
About my lips that startles *me* at times,
Even as the crowd is startled ; and I feel
That I am changed—that with intensity

Of thought and passion, genius was aroused,
Born, like the wonderous bird of Araby,
From ashes, desolation, and from death.
A giant earthquake hath thrown up to light
The gems that sparkled in the secret mine,
But overwhelmed the blossoms that made fair
Earth's bosom. Never, never more
The earnestness, the loveliness of life,
Shall shine on me. Its fitful glare alone
Illumine's my ill-fated destiny ;
And in the wild excitement of the crowd,
The clamor of the multitude, the voice
Of adulation, and the strife for fame,
I lose alone the memory of my doom.
The torchlight of existence still remains,
Its sunlight hath departed, and as flame
Consumes the aliment that feeds its life,
And self-destroyed expires—so must my soul
Perish amid its ashes!—Nay ! the time
Is near, my Marion, when this voice shall cease
To pour its bitter plainings on thine ear ;
A sickness and a weariness have crept
Of late across my spirit, and a vague
And dreamy craving for *reality*—
For all things seem like shadows. Men move by
As forms we dimly see in midnight dreams ;

And the vast crowd, with all its upcast heads,
Seems often a phantasma to my eyes.
All but the sense of one great agony,
And that is like the sea—unslumbering ;
And that is like the stars—unchangeable ;
Ay ! deep and constant as my love for thee,
Is that *remorse*.”

She clung to him, she bathed
His brow with tears. She did not speak, she knew
How vain the task to sooth such agony.
But mutely in her bleeding heart she prayed
The mood might pass, or that the oblivious grave
Might close o'er both.

They rose at last, and traced
Through a dim intricate path, where orange boughs
Made sweet the earth beneath their feet, the way
To their majestic home ; and through its halls
And colonnades of marble, where up sprang
Many a low-voiced fountain, many a shaft
Of porphyry, and marble bearing up
Vases of antique splendor, filled with flowers,
They passed in silence and in gloom of soul,
Even as those shapes that move, a restless throng,
Within the halls of Eblis.

Peace be theirs.

THE ENCHANTED TOWER.

[Taken from a description of the Enchanted Tower given in Washington Irving's Legends of Spain.]

ENTER not the tower, King Roderick,
Enter not the magic tower,
I, the world-wise seer, forbid thee—
I, who viewed thy natal hour.
Many a proud and noble palace
Stretches far throughout the land ;
Many a gay and lofty garden
By the wandering breezes fanned ;
Many a marble court, and bower
Where the springing fountains play ;
Wherefore seek the lonely tower,
That dark spirits hold in sway ?
Round that tower the wild winds murmur,

And the screaming eagles fly,
And the ravens, hoarsely calling,
 Hang their gloomy nests on high.
Spells of terror guard its entrance,
 And within no mortal man
Ever lived, its secret horrors
 With a mortal glance to scan.
Prostrate, thus the aged counsellor
 Did entreat and warn the king ;
But the angry monarch, turning,
 Bade the brazen trumpets ring.
“ Haste ! to horse, to horse, the chiefest
 Of the gallant knights of Spain ; ”
And the brazen trumpets sounded,
 And the monarch called again !

With a band of noble horsemen,
 Went he on the rocky way,
Where amid the gloomy mountains,
 The Enchanted Tower lay.
Until nearer—frowning sternly,
 Rising grimly to the sky—
With the screaming eagles round it,
 And the raven’s nest on high,

Saw they the Enchanted Tower.

Springing up the mountain's side,
Then the lead King Roderick claimed,
In his proud and kingly pride.

Fiercely spurring up the mountain,
Went King Roderick in his speed,
When an unseen, *airy barrier*,
On his haunches flung his steed.
Reeling back, the noble courser
Scarce sustained him from the shock ;
Stamping, in his maddened terror,
Sparks of fire from the rock.
While with nostril all distended,
And with trembling limbs of pain,
Strove he to obey his rider,
Brave King Roderick spurred again.
Once again the *airy barrier*
Flung him backward from its might :
While the noble creature shivered,
And the cold sweat bathed his side ;
While his fine and crimson nostril,
Stood dilate and quivering ;
“ We must try another passway,”
Said the horsemen of the king.

“ By the fiends of yonder tower,
By the hell that yawns beneath,
Though my soul should win perdition,
And my body meet its death,
I will leap this unseen barrier—
Onward, Leon! show thy worth.”
Leaped the steed, then, unresisted,
Downwards lifeless fell to earth!
Gazed the monarch but a moment,
On his lost and death-struck horse,
Then with hasty movement followed,
On his unimpeded course.
Yet his lips were heard to murmur,
As he turned him from the spot:
“ Never shall my noble charger,
Be by me through life forgot.
He hath borne me through the battle,
When the combat waxed most dread;
He hath saved me from the foemen,
When their nets were round me spread;
He hath borne me, lightly bounding,
To the chase in fair array—
Fit he was to serve a monarch,
Who lies dead and cold to-day.”
Then, as if his sorrow flinging
Distant from his royal mind,

Up the mountain's clefts he bounded,
As if he bestrode the wind.
Till, at last, he panting rested,
'Neath that pile so dark and grim,
But his lineage high he shamed not,
Terrors could not baffle him.
At the gateway of the tower,
Rang he summons loud and clear,
Till the lonely echoes sounded
Through the hollow atmosphere.
Yet, ere to the bolt he lifted
His undaunted, impious hand—
Gray-haired, white-robed, see, in anguish,
The old seer before him stand.
“Pause awhile, O stern King Roderick,
If thou darest ill or pain;
Yet bethink what ills may follow,
To the holy land of Spain!
Terror, death, are often hidden,
In these dim abodes, from sight;
Terror, death, by thee unbidden,
Rush upon the land with might.”
“Off, thou dreamer!” cried King Roderick,
“I have been too vainly warned.”
Then with might the bolt he thrust,ed,
And the door before him yawned;

For an instant, pale as marble,
 Back the reckless king recoiled ;
But within that narrow tower,
 Nought the sunshine's light despoiled.
Slowly then the monarch entered,
 Followed by the flower of Spain,
Fearful, till, within that chamber,
 They took heart and breathed again.
Empty seemed that vaulted tower,
 Save by yellow sunshine filled ;
Noble were its Gothic windows,
 And its floor of marble, chilled.
Then King Roderick's loud derision,
 Curled upon his lip of pride ;
He recalled the *airy barrier*,
 And his mirth in silence died.
Long they stood within that tower,
 Long they crossed its narrow space ;
Till they saw a marble table,
 With a hieroglyphic face.
And upon that marble table,
 Carelessly, and lightly stood,
As if idle hands had flung it,
 A small box, of sandal wood.
This the monarch seized, and, eager,
 Tore its slender lid apart,

Hoping there to find a treasure,
That would glad his royal heart.
Forth he drew a piece of linen,
Scarcely larger than his palm ;
Long he held it, deeply pondering,
Whence so slight a relic came.
Long within his hand he turned it,
As he strove its worth to find,
Hidden spells of wonder sweeping,
Dream-like, mist-like, through his mind.

Faintly then within the distance,
Striking all with terror dumb,
Heard they now, with spell-bound wonder, .
Far away, a Moorish drum.
Swelling now, and sometimes dying,
On the distant breeze it came.
And they could not move a footstep,
And their hearts were lit with flame—
Now they heard it, nearer, nearer,
With the clangor of a horn,
Sounding in the distance clearer,
From the distance nearer borne ;
Blent with faint sounds, of commotion,
Of a gathering army's force ;

With the tread of many a thousand,
And the hoof of many a horse.
Nearer, nearer,—long they listened—
Nearer came the sweeping sound ;
Till a mighty host's advancing,
Heard they, storming, o'er the ground.
And the clashing, Moorish cymbal,
And the trumpets, loud and hoarse ;
And the crying of the captains,
And the neighings of the horse.
Nearer still—the banners flapping,
And the roar, an army's tread,
And the shrill words of commanding,
Of the leaders at their head.
And the Moorish shouts, the ringing
Of the lances and the shield ;
And the council and the order,
And the marshalling to the field.
Then the fearful din grew thicker,
And the hosts of Spain, in might
Now are mingled with the Heathen,
In a most disastrous fight.
Shouts of terror—cries of anguish—
Clashing, ringing spear and crest :
Trampled soldiers—neighing horses—
All around them seemed as prest.

All within that narrow tower,
Raged the battle, fiery hot ;
And the wounded men were groaning,
And the victors spared them not.
Shrieks of " Save the royal standard !"
Cries of " Lo ! the king is down !"
" Rally, rally, round him gather ;"
" Strike for Spain, and Spain's renown !"
Then arose the Moorish war-cry,
Wild and shivering, o'er the fight ;
And the cymbal's sudden clashing,
And the victor yell of might.
And until the sun had passed
Through the burning gates of noon,
Raved and roared the waves of battle,
As the sea beneath the moon !

Then, as if the combat's raging
Passed in stormy wrath afar,
Distant and more distant growing,
Swept the gathered sounds of war.
And the victor's cry grew fainter,
And the wounded's wail more still,
And the battle's din was carried,
Far away o'er heath and hill.

Lower, lower, and more dreamy,
 Came the sounds of maddened strife,
Dying on the breeze's swelling,
 Dying like a human life.
And the drum's faint beating only,
 On the distant breezes came,
Till at last was silent wholly,
 All that lit their souls to flame.
Yet, for hours, there they rooted
 Stood, upon that floor of stone,
Till the yellow light declined,
 And the day was nearly gone.
Then, in silence, did King Roderick
 And his nobles quit the place,
And adown the mountain passway,
 Did their path in silence trace.
And they uttered not one accent
 Unto all the anxious crowd—
To his palace went King Roderick,
 And his soul was darkly bowed.

Yet his life was not amended,
 By the wonders thus made known,
And before his days were ended,
 Moorish banners shook his throne.

And in battle, fierce and bloody,
Did the stern King Roderick die ;
In his sight the Moorish cymbal,
In his ears the Moorish cry !

"WHERE THE PALE FLOWERS GROW."

WHERE the pale flowers grow rank and wild,
In that sequestered solitude,
Where never hath the sunshine smiled,
And step may not intrude :
There, in that lone and silent place,
Resteth in holiness of grace,
The proudest form, the sweetest face,
That e'er was known to earth.
Nor shall such smile be seen again,
Like sunshine flashing through the rain,
Gladdening a home or hearth.

Where, in the long grass, waving high,
 The wild bird frames her downy nest,
 And stooping from the branches nigh,
 Cowers on the earth to rest.

'T is there I laid thee, long ago,
 'T was at the melting of the snow,
 When nature cast her robes of wo,
 Glorious in flower and leaf.

But thou, the fairest of earth's fair,
 Wast withered up, with thy despair,
 And cankered with thy grief.

There is not one who knows the spot,
 Where rests the thing I loved alone ;
 To mortal ear I breathed it not,
 That I might keep thy dust mine own.

When midnight stars on high are set,
 And the rank grass with dew is wet,
 I used to haste—I hasten yet :

To bathe the sod with tears.
 Ye cannot know, who never wept
 The loved, who cold beneath you slept,
 How slow night's shadow wears.

Often, between me and the sky,
 Strange shapes of shadow come and go ;

And as the branches part on high,
 Seem waving to and fro.
I grasp them in my wild despair,
I grapple with the shape-full air,
And on my breast the phantoms bear—
 And yet I cannot call thee back.
And yet the moon goes sailing by,
And stars come out upon the sky,
 Shining on Heaven's track.

Yet sleep, and listen to the calls,
 That nature's voices send o'er thee ;
For with each tone that lightly falls,
 There 's comfort meant to be.
They will not bind thee with a chain,
They will not tell thee love is vain,
Nor yet forbid thee to complain—
 Man is alone unkind and cold.
Doth not the softly rustling grass
Make music, as the light winds pass
 Above thy crumbling mould.

Sleep on, high heart—around thee springs
 The wealth of nature's desert bloom ;
And all her gorgeousness she brings,
 To decorate thy tomb,

Here the wild mocking-bird her song,
From the dark branches may prolong,
And seem to murmur of thy wrong—

 And the wild brook runs by :
And here the gnarled oaks, dark and grim,
Are garlanded from limb to limb
 With flowers of gorgeous dye.

Sleep on ! for nature singeth by,
 A wild and wondrous song to thee ;
And when the midnight wind is high,
 Loud moans each forest tree.
The summer thunder's low, sweet sound,
Peals gently o'er thy burial mound,
And the light rain falls on the ground,
 It wetteth all my hair :
I long beneath the sod to rest,
Downward to sink upon thy breast,
 And quench in death despair.

Often my spirit talks to thine,
 And my lips murmur to thy clay ;
I think of angel host divine,
 Yet clasp the grave of thy decay.
Dost thou remember vows we made,
Beneath the myrtle's quivering shade,
When sudden gleams of sunshine played,

Upon thy chesnut hair ;
And thy pale cheek's unwonted glow,
Gave record of the heart below,
That love was *deathless* there.

THE INFANT JOVE.

I SEE him, sitting on the clouds at play,
An infant, with his round and marble limbs,
A brow majestic as the gates of day,
Whose alabaster breadth no shadow dims ;
Close round his forehead curls the chesnut hair,
And his dark eye is keener than the sun ;
Upon his regal lips and aspect fair,
Ere childhood wanes, the godhead has begun.
In his right hand a thunderbolt he grasps,
And with his dimpled touch the lightning checks ;
And with his smooth and marble arm he clasps
The ruffled plumage of the eagle's neck.
More royal, in his beautiful strength, than Love—
Than Hercules more godlike, is young Jove.

THE PALACES OF ARABY.

“ Oh, the heart,
Too vivid in its lighted energies,
May read its fate in sunny Araby !
How lives its beauty in each eastern tale—
Its growth of spices, and its groves of balm—
These are exhausted ; and what is it now ?—
A wild and burning wilderness.”—MISS LONDON.

THE Palaces of Araby ! how beautiful they were,
Rearing their golden pinnacles unto the sunny air,
Mid fragrant groves of spice, and balm, and waving
orange trees,
And clear-toned fountains sparkling up to kiss the pass-
ing breeze.

The Palaces of Araby ! oh, still there is a dream,
A vision, on my brain of all, so long extinct and dim ;
They rise upon my fancy yet, vast, beautiful and
grand,
As in past centuries they stood through all that radiant
land.

The Palaces of Araby! pale forms of marble mould,
Were ranged in every stately hall, white, glittering and
cold;

And urns of massive crystal bright stood on each marble floor,

Where odors of a thousand lands burned brightly evermore.

The Palaces of Araby! vast mirrors, shrined in gold,
Gave back from every lofty wall splendor a thousand fold;

And the gleaming of uncounted gems, and the blaze of odorous light,

Streamed down from every fretted dome, magnificently bright.

I see them now, "so fancy deems," those bright Arabian girls,

Binding, with glittering gems and flowers, their dark and flowing curls,

Or sweeping, with their long, rich robes, throughout those marble halls,

Or holding, in their rose-clad bowers, gay, gorgeous festivals.

I see them now, "so fancy deems," those warriors high and bold,

Draining their draughts of ruby wine from cups of
massive gold,
Or dashing on their battle steeds, like meteors, to the
war,
With the dazzling gleam of helm and shield and jewel-
led scimitar.

That dream hath fled, that pageant passed—unreal
things and vain,
Why rise ye up so vividly, so brightly, to my brain?
The desert hath no palaces, the sands no fountain
stream,
And the brave and beautiful are frail and shadowy as
my dream.

The Palaces of Araby! oh, there is not a stone
To mark the splendor and the pride, forever crushed
and gone;
The lonely traveler hears no more the sound of harp
and lute,
And the fountain voices, glad and clear, forevermore
are mute.

Lost Araby! lost Araby! the world's extinguished
light,
Thou liest dark and desolate, a thing of shame and
blight;

Rome hath her lofty ruins yet—Greece smiles amid her
tears ;
In thee alone we find no trace, no wreck, of other
years.

GERALDINE.

—
“ A love so blent with fears.”
—

I CANNOT name him yet, she said—
I cannot name him yet,
Though years of pain and gloom and dread
Have vanished since we met ;
It is a low and musical word,
That name I dare not speak—
Its very echo oft hath stirred
A fever on my cheek.

I know not why I loved that man,
More than a guiding star ;
His frame was worn, his cheek was wan,
And marked by sun and scar :

He had a musing, earnest look,
Like one who stands beside
The gushing of a mountain brook,
And looks far down its tide;

As if to trace its wanderings,
Till lost in ocean's war—
Thus on the future course of things
He pondered evermore.

He stood amid his fellow-men
Calm, thoughtful, even cold,
As if he saw beyond their ken,
And felt above their mould.

I see him yet, said Geraldine,
I *think* I see him yet,
Oft when the lamps at evening shine
O'er scenes where first we met;
And sometimes in the very dance
I start with stricken brain,
For, in my sad and sudden trance,
He seems to rise again.

There, leaning by that arch of stone,
With clasped, yet careless hands,
From his pale brow the dark hair thrown,
In vision still he stands:

I would that he might never rise,
To wake my dreams and fears,
With those large, deep, unfathomed eyes
Gazing from other years.

Let me bow down my face, she said,
A moment on thy breast ;
'T is only there these visions dread
Are lulled again to rest :
Let me bow down my head, and weep
Over thee, crushed and crossed—
My heart is like an ocean deep,
Where precious ships are lost.

Oh ! many a golden treasury
Lies in the billow's cave ;
And in my heart my young hopes lie,
Each in its shadowy grave :
I am a vain, weak girl, my friend—
My wanderings make thee smile,
Down to the tomb their footsteps tend—
Bear with me yet awhile.

* * * * *

* * * * *

And I have slept, said Geraldine—
Slept even on thy breast,
Surely a tranquil sleep was mine,
For even my dreams were blest.
Sleep is a gift I've dreaded long,
Though faint in heart and limb,
For then his weird, wild power is strong—
I ever dream of him.

I dream of him—alas! alas!
Why cannot I forget?
Why doth not that dark shadow pass
That on my soul is set?
It is a strange and wonderous spell
Wherewith he girt me round,
In darkness and in gloom to dwell,
A captive, curbed and bound.

Why did he love me—gaze on me?
I am a frail, slight girl;
These dark eyes wear no light of glee—
These locks no sunny curl;
And even from a child my face
Hath worn a serious gloom—
The last of my illustrious race,
My hopes were in the tomb.

Why did he love me? I was one
Who shrank from manhood's gaze,
I was so young, so strangely lone,
In those departed days ;
But now a fatal fellowship
Hath filled my cup of wo,
And bitterly unto my lips
Its draughts of misery flow.

I said I knew not why my heart
Was cast before his feet ;
Alas ! a strange and wonderous art
Was in his accents sweet ;
His smile—his bright and sudden smile,
Flashed to my very brain,
And yet upon his brow the while
He bore the seal of pain.

Knowledge filled high his cup of power—
His was a mighty mind,
Where many a dark and fearful dower
Of mystery dwelt enshrined ;
And many a language swept from earth,
Whose sounds are dread and dim,
Forgotten long by hall and hearth,
Familiar were to him.

The lore of kingdoms crushed in dust
Seemed present to his eyes,
And yet no volumes worn with rust
Revealed these mysteries ;
I never saw him bend his gaze
Upon a scroll or page—
He seemed a part of other days,
Wreck of a vanished age.

Never before a Christian shrine
Was that dark spirit bowed ;
And sneers at faith and love divine
Would wreath his features proud ;
And yet at times a spell seemed flung
Around him, strong and lone,
That hushed the witchery of his tongue,
And chilled his face to stone.

And at these times the cold drops stood,
Like beads, upon his brow ;
In truth, it was an awful mood,
And one that haunts me now ;
And with his pale and quivering hand,
He seemed to wave, in wrath,
Aside, as with a wizard's wand,
Some form that crossed his path.

Then, as his mighty mind would rise
From that strong, transient chain,
A Godhead's power seemed in his eyes—
They scorched my very brain ;
And once I heard him murmur low,
As if by fiends beset,
“ Away! my spirit will not bow—
Ye cannot win me yet !”

Mine was a wild and fearful life
While fettered to his side—
I shared his spirit's stormy strife—
He was my awful guide ;
Yet, marvel at my blinding dream,
Stronger than pride or will,
Even in those moods I worshipped him—
Alas! I love him still.

* * * * *

It is enough, said Geraldine,
I cannot tell thee more ;
I bowed before a fearful shrine,
And there I still adore,
I know that God hath veiled his brow
Forever from my sight,
But, oh ! this cannot change me now,
My fate is sealed in night.

No time nor scene can e'er assuage
My soul's eternal wo ;
I bear without the marks of age,
Upon a youthful brow ;
And though within these marble halls
They come with song and glee,
I tell thee, every tone that falls
Bears bitterness to me.

I cannot yield the lofty place
Wherein my lot is cast ;
I owe it to the mighty race
Of which I am the last ;
But, oh ! a narrow convent cell,
A cold and voiceless tomb,
Wherein through life and death to dwell,
Would better fill my doom.

Bear me a cup of hemlock wine—
Bear me a wreath of yew ;
Bind back my hair with nightshade vine,
And bathe my brow with rue ;
And I will smile amid my tears,
Even as I drain the draught,
For, oh ! my soul, through lengthened years,
A bitterer bowl hath quaffed.

YEARNINGS AFTER NATURE.

Oh, for the sound of the hidden waters gushing,
Mid the tall trees, that caught the feathery spray!
And the faint murmur of the low winds rushing
Through those long branches at the close of day.
Oh, for the dells where my wild flowers are springing
In their pale beauty to the sunny air,
And the clear wood notes of my birds are ringing—
Fain would I go—fain would I wander there.

There I have bounded, all unseen and lonely,
There chased the young fawn, in its graceful glee,
With the deep, glorious eye of heaven only
To look upon, and guard the young and free.
There the bright leaves of the long vine have crowned
me—
Emblems, fresh emblems of my blessed prime;
There I have plucked the fruits that drooped around
me,
And danced in gladness to the torrent's chime.

I have dwelt long where radiant forms are shining,
And the deep pealing tones of music swell ;
But my sick heart, in its lone anxious pining,
Yearneth to go, to bid them all farewell.
Let me depart ! vain is your scene of splendor,
Vain all your cares to wake my sinking heart,
Give me my home—my summer forest render—
Stranger, kind stranger, let me hence depart !

THE STARS.

A REMEMBRANCE OF CHILDHOOD.

'T WAS midnight, and we sailed upon the breast
Of the deep Mexican Gulf, and the warm winds
Drove the ship onward, like a winged thing.
The day had been of parching sultriness,
And now those breezes seemed a second life ;
And on the deck of that broad bounding ship,
I lay pillowed upon my Father's breast,
Drinking their pleasant breath.

The heavens above
Were gemmed with Stars; and on those sparkling
orbs

Our eyes were fixed. My Father spoke to me,
He had a sweet low voice that ever stirred,
Even when most joyful, a vague sense of tears
Within my heart; and now he sought to give
My first deep lesson in astronomy,
With heaven's vast page open before our gaze.

“Child! you have looked for nearly seven years
Upon the heavens; and I have ever marked,
That when your eyes are bent upon the Stars,
You are, like those who have known wrong and pain,
Silent, as if with *haunting memories*.

Tell me thy thoughts of yonder burning band?”

“Father, thou knowest, God hath hung those lamps
To light his palace, and I watch them ever,
To see if one may *burn away and die*.

Father, the other night, I watched them long,
And I beheld three of those burning Stars
Fall down upon the sea, and then I knew,
That God had flung them down because their light
Was feeble and unsteady. Then I saw
Three new ones lighted; would that we were there,
In that great purple hall. At times, I think

I hear the angels singing, when the winds
And seas are quiet ; and I lie awake,
Listening at night, and looking up to heaven !”

Such was my ignorance, in those blessed years,
Yet never since, when looking on the Stars,
Though taught in that eventful night to know
That they were *mighty worlds*, hath my soul felt
The dreamy awe, that made me mute with thoughts
Of majesty and wonder, when they seemed
Lamps, nightly kindled by the hand of God !

THE TRUTH.

FEW words were said—

They were heard in scorn ;
But the shaft of their truth
To her heart was borne.
They were heard in laughter,
In cold disdain ;
Yet they left behind them,
Their sting of pain.

Few words were said,
And those words were low ;
They broke on her ear,
Like a requiem slow.
And she stood, and listed
That dark tale told,
As a bird, whose carol
Is uncontrolled.

Yet midst her mirth,
And her mockeries,
A shade fell over
Her heart and eyes.
Never again
Could her spirit's light,
Flash through the gloom
Of that dreary night.

Gone was the joy
Of the days of yore ;
Fear was beside her
Forevermore.
A gloom fell on her,
A secret dread,
As she remembered
Those brief words said.

Never, once more,
Did her spirit's pain,
Up to the sunshine
Glance again.
On her lip died laughter ;
Upon her brow
Dwell dreams, her Creator
Alone may know.

Leave her to God,
In her darkened mood ;
Break not with footstep
Such solitude:
For few words were said,
And heard in scorn ;
But the shaft of their truth,
To her heart was borne.

THE ANCESTRESS.

SHE is weary,
She is dreary,
In the earth she longs to rest—
All she cherished,
All have perished ;
All on earth she loved the best.

All who loved her,
All who moved her
With their passionate hopes and fears ;
All around her,
All that bound her
To the home of earlier years.

Softly walking,
Gently talking,
Evermore in silence sighing ;
Never dreading,
Never shedding
Tears, to know that she is dying.

She is aged,
Grief hath waged
War with all her beauty bright ;
And she wearèth—
Yet she beareth
On her brow a seal of light.

Oft she sitteth
And repeateth
Many a broken accent there ;
God she praiseth,
And she raiseth
Oft her withered hands in prayer.

She is mourning,
Ever turning
Backward still her longing glance ;
And she weepeth,
Ere she sleepeth,
That her dream is but a trance.

For the cherished
All have perished,
All on earth she loved the best.
She is dreary,
She is weary—
In the green earth let her rest.

We 'll deplore her
Then, while o'er her
Winter winds shall softer blow,
Birds shall scatter
Leaves that shatter
O'er her, as they come and go.

REQUIEM.

THE white sands o'er
Thy grave, the winds are heaping,
The sea fowl flies
O'er the spot where thou art sleeping.

Thou wilt return no more
To where our words are blending,
Thou wilt not tread as yore
The paths to our mansions tending.

When shall we meet again
A face like thine, my brother?
Summer's sun nor winter's rain
Shall not bring us such another.

For thou art laid asleep
Where tempest winds are sweeping,
And the voice of the mighty deep
A wail o'er thee is keeping,

HE WILL WIN MY BRIDE.

He will win my bride,
 When I have departed ;
He will woo and win my bride,
 When I am marble-hearted.
When I am laid in earth
 The dead beside,
And my place is vacant by the hearth,
 Then—he will win my bride.

He will lead her forth,
 From her robes of sorrow ;
Her eye new light shall win from his,
 Her lip new smiles shall borrow.
He will take that hand
 O'er which I 've sighed,
He will clasp that lovely form,
 Oh ! he will win my bride !

Never her heart was mine,
 Though duteous ever ;
I read her soul by many a sign,
 Through all its vain endeavor.
Yet thoughts, while I am dying,
 Come, a dark tide !
To know that life is flying,
 And he—will win my bride.

He will win my bride,
 With his smile of gladness ;
His ringing laugh, his lips of pride,
 Shall chase afar her sadness.
And his locks of golden gleaming
 Shall seem like light,
When these orbs so darkly dreaming
 Are quenched in endless night.

Oh, God ! my spirit trembles,
 From gulfs beneath me spreading ;
I see, in dreams prophetic,
 The path her steps are treading.
He is too strangely glorious
 In his lofty pride,
His voice too sweet in its witchery
 To fail—to win my bride !

THE FLORIST.

He fadeth slowly hour by hour,
And wasteth day by day ;
He bends above each radiant flower,
And feels—he cannot stay.
The jasmine's breath is on his cheek,
He sees the rose's bloom ;
To him the bud and blossom speak
Of his advancing tomb.

He stands beneath the stately tree,
And yet recalls the day,
He dropped the acorn carelessly
Upon the yielding clay.
He hears the south wind murmuring gush,
In music through the bough,
And strange sensations o'er him rush,
And shadows strew his brow.

Along the garden paths he walks,
While o'er his staff he bends,
And evermore of flowers he talks,
As of familiar friends.
And with his long, attenuate hand,
He points to all the rare
Blossoms of many a foreign land,
That round him cluster there.

Slowly and painfully he stoops,
To rear the falling vine ;
Lifting each branch that earthward stoops,
Up to the fair sunshine.
But no kind hand can rear for him
The bent and withered frame ;
No care can, in those eyes so dim,
Relight life's wasting flame.

Yet to the last he loves to breathe
The faint and sweet perfume ;
His waning spirit yearns to wreath,
A garland round the tomb.
He faileth slowly hour by hour,
And wasteth day by day ;
He bends above each radiant flower,
And feels—he cannot stay.

SONNET.

LET us depart—too late we linger here ;
Let us depart—my boat is on the tide ;
The sweeping wind above the surges drear,
Calls us afar across the waters wide.
Let us depart. Thy steps upon the shore,
Are girt around with danger and with death ;
But on the wave we shall be free once more—
Free and exulting as the morning's breath.
Bind up thy locks—we hurry on our way,
Gird fast the sandals on thy fleeing feet ;
Behold, my lonely love, the star of day
Over the white sands glimmering pale and sweet.
The sword and terror are no more for thee —
Away, away, my bark is on the sea !

“SHE COMES TO ME.”

SHE comes to me in robes of snow,
The friend of all my sinless years ;
Even as I saw her long ago,
Before she left this vale of tears.

She comes to me in robes of snow—
She walks the chambers of my rest,
With soundless footsteps, sad and slow,
That wake no echo in my breast.

I see her in my visions yet,
I see her in my waking hours ;
Upon her pale, pure brow is set
A crown of azure hyacinth flowers.

Her golden hair waves round her face,
And o'er her shoulders gently falls ;
Each ringlet hath the nameless grace
My spirit yet on earth recalls.

And bending o'er my lowly bed,
She murmurs : " Oh, fear not to die ;
For thee an angel's tears are shed,
An angel's feast is spread on high.

" Come, then, and meet the joy divine,
That features of the spirits wear ;
A fleeting pleasure here is thine—
An angel's crown awaits thee there.

" Listen ! it is a choral hymn "—
And gliding softly from my couch,
Her spirit face waxed faint and dim,
Her white robes vanished at my touch.

She leaves me with her robes of snow—
Hushed is the voice that used to thrill
Around the couch of pain and wo—
She leaves me to my darkness still.

LINES.

“ You must make
That heart a tomb, and in it bury deep
Its young and beautiful feelings.”—BARRY CORNWALL.

LAY them, lay them in their graves,
Those feelings, deep and fine ;
Henceforth their marble tomb shall be
The heart that was their shrine.
Bury with them all the dreams
Of those departed years,
When joy was all too bright for smiles !
And grief too deep for tears !

Close within that stony vault,
Which never more shall ope,
The bitterness of memory,
The feverishness of hope,
The yearnings deep, for sympathy,
That deep within thee dwell,
The love that finds no answering flame,
And sickens in its cell.

Spread, O spread above that tomb
A pall of purple pride,
To veil the darkness and the gloom
That 'neath its folds abide.
Bear thee gaily in the dance,
And proudly in the hall ;
I charge thee, let no eye behold
What moulders 'neath that pall.

It is thus that I have done,
For such hath been my doom ;
My heart was once a fiery shrine,
And now it is—a tomb !
My heart was once a storm-swept sea,
And now it is that lake,
O'er whose dead surface tempests rush,
Nor bid its waters wake.

Yet the ghosts of those dead thoughts,
Those buried hopes and fears,
They rise at times across the soul,
Recalling vanished years :
They float in dim and pale array,
Those phantoms of the past ;
They freeze my blood—they chill my brain,
As with an Iceland blast.

Oh ! the spectres of the soul,
How fearfully they rise ;
Each looking from its fleecy shroud
With cold, clear spirit eyes.
How chill a print their icy feet
Leave on the burning brain ;
How bleak a shadow do they cast,
That dim and awful train.

Back to your cells, ye fleeting things,
I do command ye, back !
Obey the sceptre of despair,
Retrace your ghostly track.
Back to your tomb where ye were pent,
Like the frail nuns of old,
Ere yet the grief that was your life
Was waxing faint and cold.

SECOND SIGHT.

THE time is past, said Leanor,
The time has long been past,
I cannot tell how long it is,
Since I looked upon him last.

And if I could, why should I seek
To number days or years,
To learn how long it is my cheek,
Hath been a path for tears.

The hour is past, said Leanor,
But it never is forgot,
There is no time in night or day,
That hour 's remembered not.

There is no spot whereon I tread,
That will not bring to view
Some token, strange and mystical,
Of that brief interview.

Is it not strange, said Leanor,
How oft there is a power,
A whole long life to blast and curse,
Shed in one little hour.

I'll tell thee of a history,
That it is mine to know ;
One of those mysteries of the soul,
That haunt us here below.

I'll tell it thee—thou mayest believe,
Or not, the tale I tell ;
Thine unbelief may not unbind
The sorrow of that spell.

The festival was high and proud,
The lamps were dazzling clear ;
And pealing music, long and loud,
Rushed on the listening ear.

Gay forms were wreathing in the dance :
It was a noble ball—
But one young girl, in snowy robes,
Moved lightest of them all.

She moved in measure to the chime,
And, evermore, she sought
To curb the movements of a frame,
With inspiration fraught.

For unto *her* the music came,
Not merely as a sound ;
But as a rushing dream of flame,
Path to her soul had found.

And unto *her*, the dance was ne'er
A movement coldly gay ;
She seemed to fling her very soul,
In graceful bounds away.

But, oh ! that night, said Leonor,
Even 'mid the wreathing dance,
What staid her step so suddenly ?
What riveted her glance ?

Till her frame trembled, and her cheek
Was colorless in hue ;
And, for a moment, all their light,
Forsook those eyes of blue.

Leaning, with folded arms he stood,
Noble, and pale, and tall ;
He seemed a statue, placed to mock
The revels of the hall.

Above a brow of Antinous,
Flung back dark waves of hair,
As a lofty plume, all darkly brown,
That kingly brows might wear.

His features proud were straightly Greek,
His eye was deep and lone ;
A settled paleness on his cheek,
In marble beauty shone.

His form was nobly beautiful,
In majesty he stood ;
He seemed above the revellers,
In his calm, stately mood.

His face was of that proud, pure cast,
Where sweetness blends with power ;
Such was the being that she met
First, in that mortal hour.

I tell thee, to her very heart
Curdled life's fountain streams ;
That form so high—that living form—
Had often swept her dreams.

She felt as if by impulse strange,
She drew his being nigh ;
She yearned before his feet to fall,
To worship him and die.

And in that hour, that little hour,
She knew their fates were one ;
She *knew*, by knowledge true and strong,
She was no more alone.

Was it not joy ? for he was pure
And gifted as the light ;
And noble, in his manhood's prime,
The high, the rare, the bright !

Yet from that hour a sorrow fell,
Frozen upon her brain ;
And to her bosom, young and pure,
Joy never came again,

Their fates were linked ! they met in love,
By hall, and mound, and plain ;
I know not why—I cannot say—
She *never* joyed again.

In that same little hour, she read
Their doom of fate below ;
Oh ! theirs was not a common love,
Theirs not a common wo.

But *why*, in that first hour, she knew
So well their love must be ;
And that their love would end in wo,
Is mystery still to me.

Yet is it true, this tale of mine—
I swear it by the Heaven :
Unto that girl, I do believe,
The future's veil was riven.

But whether to *his* noble soul,
Was read the future's wo,
I cannot tell, said Leanor,
I cannot tell thee *now* !

I only know their love was deep,
As aught of mortal breath ;
Yet joy could never more be hers,
Between that *hour* and death.

And strange it is, so brief a space
Should have a power so dread ;
To lay, forever, in a heart
All hope and gladness dead.

Believe the tale—for o'er the earth
We walk, in stormy dreams,
Sighting our fate from future gloom,
By the mind's lightning gleams.

Believe my tale—the hour is past,
The doom is read, and o'er ;
Yet still that spell is darkly cast
On me, said *Leonor*.

THE LILY OF THE NILE.

OH ! exquisite thou art—thy stately form
Rears well its head of antique beauty, high
Above earth's more degenerate blossoms—for
Thou wert when Europe was a wilderness,
And we an unknown people.

Thou hast seen
'The gorgeous triumphs of Egyptian kings,
And made thy snowy leaf the scroll, whereon
The oracles of Isis and Osiris
Were writ in ages past. Egyptian girls
Have swept their long robes past thee, as they went
Bearing their pitchers to the ancient Nile.
And thou hast seen thine image in its waves,
As beautiful as theirs. Oh ! mystic flower,
'Thy presence fills my heart with inspiration,
And Pharaoh's palaces arise again.
Perchance Cleopatra bound thee on her brow,
(Not dark, as many deem it, for she was
Of the old, pure Greek race,) and in such crown

Received the kingly Cæsar in her arms.
Oh ! thou art beautiful, without compeer,
Thou sculptured urn—thou handiwork of God !

Once, in a spell of sickness I lay prone,
With weeping friends around me. All things were
Tried, in succession, to restore my smile.
“ What would'st thou, then ? ” the weary watchers
cried ;
And I replied, “ A Lily of the Nile !
Oh ! let me look upon its stately stem,
Let me search deep within its scroll-like leaf,
Filled to the brim with the cool midnight dew,
And I grow well again. Friends, friends, I die
Because my heart yearns for THE BEAUTIFUL !
Shut from my gaze forever ; bring me that,
And I grow well again !—And that fair flower
Hath in itself all that is pure and rare—
Bear me that flower ! ” But thou wert far away ;
Yes, far away—and thus, from year to year,
With hurried feet I trod along earth's gardens,
Searching for thee ! parting the overhanging boughs,
Putting aside the flowers, and searching still.
And when they said, “ Are these not beautiful ? ”
My heart asked for the old Egyptian flower,
Until I found thee !

Upon all earth's blooms,
Hath my heart looked with love almost religious :
But chief to me some speak as if with tongues.
For me the lone, blue hyacinth, hath a voice
Redolent of sweet music. Angel dreams
Float o'er that flower—angel voices breathe
From its blue petals, with a sacred song.
For me, the white cape jasmin's perfume
Bears thought of love upon it, human love,
But purified, exalted as the skies.
But thou, rare Lily ! thou art more to me ;
Thou stirrest up the fountain of my life.
What is it makes thy spell ? Say, have I stood
In some past life upon thy banks, O Nile !
Amid thy pyramids, thy priests, thy kings,
So strong is thy spell round me ?

It may be,
For as I saw thee, flower ! my heart leaped forth
As if to welcome thee, and life itself
Stayed for a moment all its rushing tides,
To live within thy breath, and my soul drank
Thy beauty, like an old familiar thing.
For thou hast filled some vacant measure up,
Of my deep yearnings for the immaculate !

TELL HER, SHE HAUNTS ME YET.

AN ANSWER TO "TELL HIM I LOVE HIM YET."

TELL her, she haunts me yet,
As in those vanished years ;
Tell her, since last we met
These eyes have known no tears ;
Tell her, my very smile
Hath caught the chill of care,
And my heart is dark with guile—
What doth her memory there ?

Wherefore doth she return
Where all is dim and lone ?
As a lamp whose bright rays burn
Beneath a funeral stone ;
Better the dead should sleep,
Unmocked by that red glare—
Better she ne'er should sweep
Across my soul's despair.

Tell her, with yearnings vain
 I've stretched mine arms on high,
Praying to meet again
 Her smile, if but to die ;
But tell her *now*, I pray,
 With closed and shadowed eyes,
All dreams may melt away
 That bear such memories.

Tell her, my soul hath lost
 Its purity and truth ;
Tell her, my visions crossed
 Have worn away my youth ;
Tell her, my heart is dearth,
 My brow, like age, is wan,
And that I stand on earth
 A God-forsaken man.

THE REAPER.

I saw in the morn the reaper bold—
The reaper of the plain,
Above his brow were locks of gold,
The hue of the ripened grain;
His eye was as blue as the sky that threw
Its light on his waving field,
And his voice was soft as the winds that blew
To make the harvest yield.

On his peasant cheek was a nut-brown gleam,
Like the sheen of the harvest sun,
When its ruddy light, o'er hill and stream,
Shineth ere day be done;
And he sang on his road to the field he sowed,
With young steps lightly flying;
'Tis meet that the harvest rich be mowed
When round us ripely lying.

I saw in the eve the reaper gray—
The reaper, old and worn ;
Like the flaky snow of a winter day
Were his locks by the cold wind borne :
I looked on him—his glance was dim,
As the clouds of darkened days,
And his voice was like the quivering hymn
That aged lips may raise.

The reaper's face was furrowed deep,
As the ground beneath the plough,
But a heaven-born sweetness seemed to sleep
On the old man's placid brow ;
And he cried, as he trod his path to God,
When calmly he lay dying,
'T is meet that the harvest rich be mowed,
When round us ripely lying.

AS FROM THE FOUNTAIN SPRINGING.

As from the fountain springing,
The water spirit rose,
Her pale hands mutely wringing,
In her deep, immortal woes ;
Her face, like a moonbeam, gleaming
From the mists of her shadowy hair,
Or the forms we see in dreaming,
In their wild and wan despair.

So from the heart's deep water
Doth memory, ghost-like, rise,
Like the sea-king's mournful daughter,
With deep, reproachful eyes ;
Clad in that dreamy splendor,
Awful, and yet divine,
That robed in its influence tender
The sad, the strange Undine.

As from the fountain bending,
Her mute and ghostly way,
(Through the castle halls ascending
The stairway, old and gray,)
Went by the gliding spirit,
'Mid the household, chilled to stone,
To the light and lofty turret,
Where Herman sat alone ;

So to the heart's high chamber
Doth memory onward go,
And the solemn word, "remember,"
Is graven on her brow ;
And as each feudal peasant
Stood awed when the sea-nymph passed,
So does the awe-struck present
Do homage to the past.

As in that lonely turret
The soul of the knight passed forth,
Blanched by the tears wept o'er it,
From the bitter stains of earth ;
Clasped in embraces holy,
That soothed him as he died,
And purified and lowly,
As that of his sinless bride.

So shall *remorse* restore thee
To the light of thy better years,
And memory smile before thee
Through the gleaming mists of tears ;
And the world's dark chains be shattered
That bound thy weary youth,
And the heavy clouds be scattered
That veiled the face of truth.

Then from thy spirit's mirror—
Her deep and silent well—
Roll the graven stone of error,
Sealed with a wizard spell ;
And bid thy soul revere it,
That calm and lovely form,
Which, like the sea-nymph's spirit,
Rains sunlight out of storm.

UNHOLY LOVE.

I WILL not think of him—I'll pace
This old and ruined hall ;
And dream of that illustrious race,
Whose pictures line the wall.
And from their dark and haughty eyes,
Though faded now, and dim,
A better spirit shall arise—
I will not think of him.

I may not think of him ! I'll stand
Beneath these branching elms ;
And drink the sunlight soft and bland,
And dream of angel realms.
And from the earth, and from the eve,
And from the sunlight's urn,
My soul her coloring shall receive ;
He shall not here return.

I must not think of him. I'll call
Around me dance and song;
Until this lone dismantled hall,
Shakes with the motley throng:
And with those flashing smiles he praised,
I'll move amid the scene,
Till haughty spirits stand amazed,
And own me for their queen.

I do not think of him! 't is crime—
't is infamy—'t is shame!—
I'll turn to hopes serene, sublime,
And lands where dwells not blame.
Here prostrate on this marble floor,
I pray with outstretched hands,
That Heaven may give me wings to soar,
And burst these tyrant bands.

Yet even here, in solemn prayer,
His face, his presence cling;
A deep delight, and yet despair—
A solace, yet a sting.
There is no time, there is no spot,
There is no thought, nor dream,
Wherein that aspect cometh not—
I cannot banish him.

THE STUDENT'S STORY.

You say my brow is marked with care, even in my
manhood's prime,
That the ploughing trace of wo is there, more than
the hand of time.
And thou hast often marvelled at my strange and
wayward fate,
That made my life with all its powers so strangely
desolate.

My life is drear, and like that bark which tempests
dashed to land,
It lies a prone and ruined thing, neglected on the
strand.
My life is lone, and onward rolls in stillness and in
glooms,
As Egypt's river seeks the deep 'mid sepulchres and
tombs.

Yet my youth was framed of energies—eternal seemed
their spring ;
My soul was like that fabled bird's forever on the
wing ;
And the illustrious deeds of old, rose ever to my
brain,
I deemed that what the past had done, my hand could
do again.

I lived a life of stirring toils, yet battled I alone ;
My silent vigil and my dream, by none were shared
and known.
Sometimes a sense of solitude would sicken o'er my
breast ;
But I knew that many a mateless bird has peace with-
in its nest.

One night I sought a festival, I know not whence or
why,
It was an hour of idleness, (fraught with my des-
tiny,)
I saw the burning lights around—I heard the music's
strain,
And my glance fell cold and sternly on the dancers
gay and vain.

I saw a lady in that crowd, fair as the rising moon,
Fair as the dreams which haunt our sleep, and perish
all too soon ;
Her hands were perfect in their mould, and nameless
in their grace,
And I loved that lady from the hour I first beheld
her face.

Her arms were clasped upon her breast, and on her
brow was bound,
One single gem that flung afar resplendent radiance
round ;
An emblem of herself it seemed, so peerless and so
high,
No star e'er wore a light more fair—set in the mid-
night sky.

I loved her with the eagerness of my secluded
youth,
I loved her till my soul became full of impassioned
truth ;
Till my heart was like a quivering lyre, that echoed
but her name,
And a burning life lit up my brain, *like clear and lam-
bent flame.*

Our vows were plighted even then, ere the slow steps
of time

Had trodden down like weeds the hearts whose love
was so sublime.

It may be many gazed on us with sneers of worldly
pride,

For we sought not to conceal that love; it was too
deep to hide!

The memory of that time is fraught with light as
from above,

Surely a something breathed of heaven in that im-
mortal love.

And that celestial lady's looks, those fond and loving
eyes

Seem, in their blue and distant gleams, long lost amid
the skies.

That dream is past—that bond is rent—ask thou not
where or how;

It boots not to recall the hour of bitter parting
now.

We are divided, and for aye, never again on earth
Shall our deep loving spirits meet, never!—by home
or hearth.

Never, in grief or agony—in gladness or despair ;
Never, while woe is dark within, and outward things
 are fair ;
My soul is lonelier than before, ere for a little
 while,
I wrapt my being in the light of that sweet living
 smile.

If thou shouldst journey far away, in lost and an-
 tique lands,
Where proud and ruined cities lie, prone on the desert
 sands ;
Where thy horse's hoofs may echo far o'er broken
 roof and fane,
And the bittern clamor in the halls, where kings of
 old did reign.

If thou shouldst ask, why marble domes lie thus in
 ruin prone,
The startled echoes of the spot will answer thee
 alone ;
Then ask not how *my* lot was thus to gloom and sor-
 row cast,
From joy flung down to dust and wo, like a kingdom
 of the past.

It is enough to know—to me, the dream of what *hath*
been,

Is mournful in each midnight shade, dark in each
morning scene.

The sunshine that is fair to thee, on me no light can
shed ;

For a vision of that vanished love hath darkness
round me spread !

SONNET.

FRIENDS are all vanished—loved ones all are dead,
I linger lonely in my summer bowers ;
Yet amid ruined hopes and visions fled,
Ye are my comfort, oh, my fair young flowers !
Here, where the yellow jasmine brightly weaves
A dome of fragrance o'er my weary head,
And my young May rose blushes 'mid her leaves,
My woes find utterance, and my tears are shed ;
Here, where my violets, cowering in the grass,
Lift to my face their tearful purple eyes,
Or bend to kiss my footsteps as I pass,
I mourn above my prostrate energies.
Weeping above the tombs of happier hours,
I find in ye my comfort—fair young flowers.

THE EXPIATION.

IN those deep shadows,
Where reposing,
Imaged saints so cold and dim ;
Where the twilight's
Darkness closing,
Veils with gloom each marble limb ;

Where those arches
Grimly bending,
O'er the tombs their shadows throw ;
Where those raised
Vaults ascending,
Bear the cross from dust below ;

Where the shapeless
Things are starting,
From the silent niche and wall ;
Starting quick, and
Quick departing,
There I 'll meet and tell thee all.

There I 'll clasp thee,
Fond and tender,
There I 'll tear those links apart,
Which with all their
Golden splendor,
Yet lie heavy on my heart.

And if o'er thee
Falls that anguish,
Which but once on earth we know,
All around
Thy heart shall vanquish,
Heaven above and dust below.

I will wildly
Gaze upon thee,
With a love and grief sublime ;
And the voice
That madly won thee,
Speak of expiated crime !

And thy spirit
Shall remember,
All thy glory, lost and gone :
All thy Spring
'Mid thy December,
And my hand shall bear thee on.

Leading thee
Where, coldly lying,
In those cloistered cells apart,
Many a spirit
Wildly flying,
Gave to Heaven a broken heart.

There our parting
Shall resemble,
Souls who, stern and holy, die ;
Should thy heart
In faintness tremble,
Angels beckon from the sky.

There my guilty
Spirit erring,
Bowed in *expiation* wild,
Back from sin
And passion warring,
Shall restore thee, long defiled.

Then in those shadows,
Where reposing,
Imaged saints so dim and cold ;
When the twilight
Glooms are closing,
Let our last farewell be told.

IN THAT QUIET GARDEN.

In that quiet garden,
 With its stately flowers,
I have paced in silence
 The long evening hours ;
Remembering the faces
 Wont erewhile to shine,
In such garden places
 In beauty all divine.

In that quiet garden,
 With its rare, unstirred flowers,
Oft I paced in silence
 The long evening hours ;
Walking on 'midst beauty
 Amid the twilight dim,
Haunted in that garden
 By a vision still of him.

Haunted by those features
Which made my life and breath,
Haunted by that memory
Which was too strong for death ;
And o'er my face's anguish
There comes no deep deceit,
No eye to spy my sorrow
Within that calm retreat.

In that quiet garden,
Like the cave Aladdin found,
Ruby and topaz—gorgeous,
Glow fruits and flowers around ;
But nought shines forth so radiant
With supernatural beam,
Like a fable—like a wonder—
As that face that makes my dream.

In that quiet garden
I go back unto the dead,
I speak to vanished voices
With the words that once I said ;
I stretch mine arms towards them,
To the gloomy evening sky,
And yearn, as the bird yearneth,
To the grove, from all, to fly.

And if my children's faces
 Break on me in such hour,
 A gloom seems shed upon them
 That mocks me with its power ;
 And their soft caresses
 Bring tears, though not relief,
 For my heart is like that garden,
 That knows no step but grief.

I SANG LAST NIGHT A THRILLING STRAIN.

I SANG last night a thrilling strain,
 It breathed of love and faith,
 Defying time, and age, and pain,
 And yielding but to death.
 Nay, even in death, in brighter spheres,
 I sang of love supreme,
 Till haughty eyes dissolved in tears
 Before my magic theme.

Yet while they wept my song to hear,
My thoughts were all thine own ;
The love, the faith I hold so dear,
Inspired each thrilling tone.
And if the haughty heart to stir,
With fervent dreams was mine ;
Thy deep love nerved thy worshipper,
And made his song divine.

I sang, last night, of forms which seem
Too bright for earth of ours ;
And bear the beauty of a dream,
Fresh from immortal bowers.
And they, the beautiful and gay,
Smiled on thy minstrel's face,
With flashing eyes, which seemed to say,
“ We are of that high race ! ”

Yet while they hung upon my strain,
I thought of thee alone ;
For never from a Grecian fane,
A purer image shone.
And if to wake the glowing song,
In beauty's praise was mine ;
To thee the hurried notes belong,
The eloquence was thine.

BURY HER WITH HER SHINING HAIR.

BURY her with her shining hair
 Around her streaming bright ;
Bury her with those locks so rare
 Enrobing her in light.
As saints, who in their native sky
 Their golden haloes wear,
Around her forehead, pure and high,
 Enwreath the shining hair.

She was too frail on earth to stay ;
 I never saw a face,
On which, of premature decay
 Was set so plain a trace.
She was too pure to linger here,
 Amid the homes of earth ;
Her spirit in another sphere
 Had its immortal birth.

She was not one to live and love,
Amid earth's fading things ;
Her being had its home above,
And spread immortal wings.
And round her now, as still she sleeps
Encoffined in her prime,
No eye in anguished sorrow weeps,
For grief is here sublime.

Even while she lived, an awe was cast
Around her loveliness ;
It seemed as if, whene'er she passed,
A spirit came to bless.
A child upraised its tiny hands,
And cried—" Oh, weep no more,
Mother ! behold an *angel* stands
Before our cottage door."

We would not bring her back to life,
With word, or charm, or sign—
Nor yet recall to scenes of strife
A creature all divine.
We would not even ask to shred
One tress of golden gleam,
That o'er that fair and perfect head
Sheds a refulgent beam.

No!—lay her with her shining hair
Around her flowing bright ;
We would not keep, of one so rare,
Memorials in our sight.
Too harsh a shade would seem to lie
On all things here beneath,
If we beheld one token by,
Of her who sleeps in death.

THE DAYS OF OLD.

TELL me of olden days,
The grand and shadowy past ;
Sing me those antique lays,
That make my heart beat fast.
The present seems a theme,
Too sad, too stern, too cold ;
The future but an empty dream—
Oh, speak of days of old !

I love those legends, gray
 With venerable years ;
They have a power to sway
 My mood to smiles and tears.
They sweep my spirit's strings,
 As the winds a lyre might sweep,
And waken bright imaginings
 From their oblivious sleep.

Trace thou the ancient page
 Of mighty word and deed,
When statesmen pure, and sage,
 Sought only honor's meed—
When love of home and hearth
 Was sacred held as breath—
When virtue gave to glory earth,
 And triumphed over death.

Oh ! sing of courtly days,
 When woman's gentle hand
Decreed her hero's bays,
 And clasped his shining band—
When rose the harmonies
 Of bard and troubadour—
Oh ! these are stirring memories,
 That thou canst well restore.

And if too much I live
In that long vanished time,
Thou canst at least forgive
An error half sublime.
For thou like me hast learned,
That in the past alone
Reality may be discerned,
The perfect truth be known.

The vanity of joy,
Upon whose footsteps tread,
A phantom to destroy
Illusions hourly bred.
The fearfulness of heart
That to the present clings,
And dreads to see its steps depart,
For what the future brings.

The drear monotony
Of this our passing life ;
The wild anxiety,
The never ceasing strife,
Which dares not to bestow
On hope, though fair,
Because so often doomed to know
The sickness of despair,

Suffice not these to turn
The spirit to the past,
Where stars undying burn,
In realms remote and vast.
Oh ! next to dreams of heaven
That here their empire hold,
I cherish those the past hath given,
The glorious days of old.

SONG .

—
TOUCH THOU THIS LUTE.
—

Touch thou this lute,
That, o'er land and sea,
Its chords, though mute,
May be signs of thee ;
No hand shall rest
On this sacred shrine,
So deeply blest
By that touch of thine.

Wake but a strain
On its silver strings,
To haunt my brain
Through long wanderings—
To cheat my ear
In the dash of waves—
To murmur clear
When the wild wind raves.

I ask no more
Than a simple song,
For the precious store
I have lavished long—
For the love, the trust,
The constancy,
That were cast in dust,
At thy feet to die.

Let me not dwell
On that worship vain,
I have solved its spell—
I have burst its chain ;
Yet I fain would bear
O'er the restless sea,
A balm for despair,
In this type of thee.

“THE YOUNG WILD FLOWER.”

DEEP in the forest, where shadows lie,
Where comes no gleam from the summer's sky,
To checker the gray and changeless dearth
Of the moss-wrapt trunks and the sombre earth ;
In the very heart of a solitude,
Too deep for a hermit's lonely mood,
A pale wild flower, with a silver gleam,
Had made its home by a quiet stream.

Oh, nothing you see in hall or bower,
Was ever so fair as that young wild flower !
The radiant white of an ocean shell
Is not more bright than its shining bell :
And well did the flexile stem bear up
The ringing weight of each pearly cup ;
And the glossy leaves, in their slender grace,
Seemed spirit shrines in that lowly place.

Blest was the lot of that fair young flower—
 Sheltered was she from the sun and shower ;
 And the old trees looked, in their pride of state,
 In love, on a thing so delicate :
 And the spring, with its fairy flattery sweet,
 Murmured and gushed by her maiden feet ;
 And insect voices were on her ear,
 Praising her beauty, without compeer.

But the calm, the peace, that her bosom wore,
 Were soon to pass—to return no more ;
 There came a day when the boughs were stirred
 By the rushing wings of a glorious bird :
 Down, through the realm of the forest deep,
 By an eagle chased from his sunny sweep,
 Came the bright creature, in dread, to cower
 'Neath the spreading leaves of the young wild flower.

Wild was the joy that within her woke,
 As the rainbow bird through the foliage broke,
 Making a path for the sunlight's flood,
 In the depth of that verdant solitude ;
 And, oh ! what visions of deep delight
 Cheered her by day, and the wakeful night—
 For the glorious bird, with his shining plumes,
 Tarried there long in the forest glooms.

Like an angel voice, in the shades was heard
The sweet, wild song of that foreign bird ;
For ever he spake of glorious things—
The world without, and its sunshine springs—
Its gardens bright, where myriad flowers
Their bosoms bared to the shining hours ;
And his breath was warm on her virgin brow,
As he murmured, "None are so fair as thou."

The dream was over ; at break of dawn,
On his cleaving pinions the bird was gone ;
Up through the branches she watched him soar,
That closed between them forevermore :
Never again was the evening wind
Filled with the sweets of that lowly mind ;
Never again, with the moss and earth,
Communed that creature of lowly birth.

Dark was the doom of that young wild flower—
Gone was the grace from her forest bower ;
Gone was the lustre of leaf and stream—
Her soul was filled with a gorgeous dream :
Her thoughts were all of the world beyond—
Of the glorious bird, with his accents fond ;
And she sighed, in the depths of that verdant gloom,
O'er her life, immured in a living tomb.

And her heart went forth on that wild bird's way—
 Went forth where gardens in sunshine lay,
 Where gorgeous blossoms, of every dye,
 And rich fruits, tempted the lip and eye ;
 And she bowed her head to the dust in wo,
 For the dark lot chaining her here below,
 As she felt the glory of life was won
 For a fleeting instant—then lost and gone.

Never again did that flower rear up,
 To catch the dews in her sylph-like cup ;
 Never again did her leaves outspread
 Towards the broken gleamings of light o'erhead ;
 And her color faded, all pale and dim,
 And faintly drooping upon her stem,
 Wakening no more to the sun and shower—
 Death on his breast placed the young wild flower !

I CANNOT TELL THEE.

I CANNOT tell thee it was mine to sever,
Those early ties that knit our souls in one,
To say adieu forever and forever,
And wander on through life's dull sands alone.
No! struggling fiercely, faint and broken-hearted,
I clasped unto my breast that burning chain;
And when, 'midst agony, those steps departed,
The sun went down that lit my heart and brain.

Long in that trance I lay, of dreadful feeling,
Long heard the phantom voices calling low;
Yet bitterer was the waking, the revealing
Of all that gulf of misery below.
O thou, whose heart hath known no crushing sorrow,
Thou canst not *dream* how bitter is the hour
Which heralds in the desolated morrow,
And tells thee grief, from sleep, resumes its power.

How can I tell thee, with what heart I wandered
Through those long galleries, weeping bitter tears,
And on each seat, each hearth, each column pondered
On the remembered tenderness of years.
And with my arms stretched toward those pictures,
beaming
With their accustomed brightness on the walls,
I bade them answer to my spirit dreaming,
And wake the echoes of these dreary halls.

Never, my friend, oh ! never, from that period,
Have smiles of gladness o'er my aspect curled ;
They came to live within the spirit wearied,
Those shapes of beauty vanished from the world.
And, in deep chambers, there forever hidden,
They live and move, with their accustomed face ;
And oft, with gentle tenderness, unbidden
Floateth before my vision each young face.

But never more, oh ! never—save in dreaming—
Shall I draw near those dwellers of the tomb ;
Nor hand in hand shall hold, in love o'erweening,
Nor in the morning, nor in twilight's gloom.
Nor by the fountain, where its water swelling,
Sendeth low voices through the woodland glade ;
Nor 'neath that roof, our own familiar dwelling,
Shall I hold commune with the saintly dead.

I cannot see them, where the clouds are piled
High on the sky, like snow-drifts pure and white ;
Where tread the footsteps of the undefiled,
Though all invisible unto mortal sight.
And o'er the deep red rose when deeply poring,
My spirit, from that garden, goes to heaven ;
Not in that hour, when all my soul 's adoring,
Not even then, is audience to me given.

In dreams alone they come, those creatures glorious,
Wearing the lineaments of other years ;
They sweep before me, with their eyes victorious,
That seem to bear no memory of tears.
And in my deep heart sinking—there abiding,
They dwell, and make a second life to me ;
Whence I can turn from earth, and earth's deriding,
And gather back the founts of sympathy.

Therefore, I cannot say, 't was mine to sever
Those ties of life, that bound deep souls in one ;
Nor can I say, that resignation ever
Hath on my spiritual darkness brightly shone.
If not to render up each image tender,
If not to cast aside one tie could bind
My mournful being to those days of splendor—
If this be it : Then am I *not* resigned.

But if to bow to God's decrees in meekness,
But if to praise Him, even in despair ;
If to bend down, and own my human weakness,
And pour my spirit in impassioned prayer ;
If, 'midst my yearnings to behold the parted,
Yet to remember they are with their God ;
If to rejoice, and yet be broken-hearted,
'Then have I humbly kissed the avenging rod.

BALLAD.

SHE met him often in stately halls,
'Mid the light, the glory of festivals.
She grew familiar with every change
Of those features, wearing a beauty strange,
Until, in visions, his face would rise,
With its smiles of splendor—its flashing eyes.

But he, the loved one, in that wild whirl,
Had passed unheeded that drooping girl,
With her sad, pale beauty, that ill beseemed
The flashing lamplight that o'er her streamed ;
And, wrapt in visions, she stood apart,
Nursing deep passions that broke her heart.

Wildly she loved him, and vainly strove
To burst the fetters of that deep love.
Her cheek grew paler, and, day by day,
The light from her dark eye faded away ;
And her step grew slower, on hall or stair,
And on her pale brow was traced—*Despair !*

What more remaineth—she died : she died,
As a rose is withered, a fountain dried.
In those high revels where beauty beams,
None missed that aspect of haunting dreams.
And he, the loved one, hath won a bride,
Whose peerless beauty is deified !

STANZAS.

I WILL remember thee,
I speak in very bitterness of heart,
Thou *canst* not hence depart
While memory liveth, and while tears are free.
Ah ! fain would I forget
The season of our brief, yet passionate love ;
For never more, my dove !
May we two meet as here-to we have met.

I have built up a shrine
Deep in my soul, where thou shalt hold thy sway ;
And years may die away,
And leave untouched its memory divine.
For only in the past,
From what hath been, and never more may be,
May I commune with thee,
My desolate one—thou dearest loved, and last.

SONG

OF THE IMMORTAL TO THE MORTAL SPIRIT.

WHEN through the broken reeds the winds make wail,
And sighs are heavy on the southern gale,
Then, loved one, will I speak ;
And my low voice, beloved, warbling,
Shall tears of passion, warm and sudden, bring
Upon thy cheek.

Thou 'lt hear my whispers in the lonely moans,
Haunting the vale—in the hushed forest tones,
That round thee swell.

Thou 'lt hear my whisperings in the bird's low note,
When the last dying thirst hath parched his throat,
Breathing farewell !

Thou 'lt hear me in that lonely rustling shed,
The leafy hush of nature's flower-girt bed,
Or in the surges sweep ;
When, with sad changes, the lamenting tide
In restless ebbs, flashes o'er those who died
Far on the deep.

When 'midst the night the stars, all pale and lone,
Shine on, shine on, as they on us have shone,
Then wilt thou meet my gaze ;
It will flash o'er thee, silent, lone and bright,
Through the still watches of the vigilant night,
Even in those rays.

And though thou seest them not—haply, by day—
Those melancholy orbs, all blanched away
By the sun's blaze, yet shine.
So doth my love, above thy mortal head,
Ever the blessings of its spirit shed,
Undreamed by thine.

And when upon the forehead of the north,
Aurora gleams come softly shining forth,
Magnificent and lone ;
Or when an angel's arrow, in its flight,
A dazzling meteor glances on thy sight,
Think of thine own.

Think, though thou canst not in the unchained wind
List a wide language ; yet with it entwined,
Believe God's voice *may be* ;
And though the bird's note to thy human ear
Is meaningless, and ocean's dashings drear
Are mystery :

Yet they have all a speech—and from each star,
Set in the azure vault, on high, afar,
Shineth the eye of Heaven !
And to the northern light, the meteor's play,
And the rich crimson, curtaining in the day,
Sight, sight, is given !

And thus *believe*, though yet thou knowest it not,
That o'er thy dim, yet ne'er forsaken lot,
Love, love, its vigil hath ;
Oh, yes ! *believe*, my still beloved one,
Yet I dwell near thee, yet I tread upon
Thy daily path.

“THE WELL OF ST. MARY’S SHRINE.”

A BALLAD.

“THERE are lights within the festal halls,
And the dance is light and free ;
But I may not look on the shining walls—
And the dance is not for *me*.

“There are lights within the festal halls,
And bright is the ruby wine ;
But *I* must away where the shadow falls
Of the rocks, in the fair moonshine.

“My robe is bright, with jewels dight,
And my locks are bound in gold ;
But above them all I must fling to-night
A mantle of darksome fold.”

“Oh, lady, stay, till break of day,
And haste to the festal fair—
’T were better far than roving away,
With the night dews in thy hair.”

“ Oh, hold me not, I must afar—
I care not for midnight dew—
I must flee, beneath the evening star,
To the church o’erhung with yew.

“ I go not to seek the holy seer,
By the well of St. Mary’s Shrine ;
I go not to watch the thirsting deer
Drink deep, in the fair moonshine.

“ For the seer of the well hath never a spell
To read a fate like mine ;
And there be fairer sights by the lonely well
Than the deer, in the fair moonshine.”

The lady has gone on her errand away,
Over the moor and wood,
To where the rocks in the shadow lay,
And the haunted convent stood.

There, into the well a fountain fell,
With a low and murmuring sound,
That sweetly rang through that lonely dell,
In the hush of midnight round.

Above the wave—above the sand,
Where the waters made their bed,
An arch was spanned, by no human hand—
At least so the legends said.

She sat her down on a stone to rest,
On her hand she leaned her brow ;
There was silence deep in the forest's breast,
Such as the dead may know.

But a voice came piercing through the night,
And she started to her feet ;
The voice was like a bird in flight,
Exulting, wild and fleet.

SONG.

"The bow we bend,
The shaft we send
Right quick, and quiveringly ;
The wild hart's blood
We haste to spend—
On, on ! I rush to thee.

"The net is made,
The snare is laid,
The blithe, blithe bird is near ;
Oh, what should make
The bird afraid?—
Haste, haste to meet me, dear.

“The linnet’s song
 The woods along
 Waketh a mellow tune ;
 Oh, green leaves hear
 A fonder tongue
 Woo, ’neath the silver moon.

“In wild career
 The leaping deer
 Sweep ’neath the greenwood tree ;
 A fleeter foot,
 In love and fear,
 Is hastening now to me.”

Then through the shade of the forest glade
 Came a quick form to her side ;
 “I am here !” a low, sweet whisper said—
 “I am here, to win my bride.”

She looked up in the fair moon ray,
 To see a form so bright ;
 The sheen of stars was blenched away
 By a glance so full of light.

Above his brow, of marble snow;
Were large, full locks of gold—
His cheek had a rich and crimson glow,
His form was free and bold.

His garb was of gold and Lincoln green—
The horn was by his side ;
"I have come," said he, "long miles, I ween,
To win my lovely bride ;

"I passed the cities, for triumph drest,
In a blaze of light they were ;
I left the cup, where the grape was prest,
A richer feast to share ;

"I passed the revellers on the hill—
They called upon my name ;
The lawless ones who do my will
They called—but on I came :

"The voice of *woman* hath crossed my path,
But I came on the while—
'T is the fairest flower that Eden hath,
On which *I* love to smile.

"Hast thou heard no sound in thy vigils fair ?
Has no step passed the well ?
Hast thou heard no voice in the evening air,
Whose warning accents fell ?"—

“I have heard no step,” the lady said,
“While waiting, love, for thine ;
No voice hath come from the forest glade,
No form crossed the fair moonshine.”

Then laughed he of the golden locks—
“And is it even so ?
There are shepherds to watch the snowy flocks
On the plains of earth below ;

“But none to keep a vigil deep
O’er thee—so mine thou art !”
Then he pressed her brow with no mortal lip,
Clasped her to no mortal heart !

And he bowed his high and god-like head,
Till a shower of radiance there,
The long, full locks of gold were shed
Above her raven hair.

And sighs went past, through the forest vast,
As in that hour unblest,
The fallen archangel’s spell was cast
On that guileless human breast !

PART SECOND.

There are lights within the festal halls,
And gay is the dance, and free ;
And murmuring music from the walls
Ringeth triumphantly.

There be lights within the festal halls—
And bright is the ruby wine ;
She hath come from where the shadow falls
Of the rocks, in the fair moonshine.

But she weareth to-night a smile so bright,
That our hearts grow chill below
Its sheen, as when the northern light
Shineth o'er hills of snow.

And her voice, that was so low and still,
It scarce might catch the ear,
Hath now a power the soul to thrill,
Like a clarion, sweet and clear.

And her brow hath a beam like a stormy dream
By sunlight glory riven,
As if unto her the meteor's stream
For an earthly crown were given.

Oh, why is she changed, this lady fair—
Oh, why is she altered thus,
Till she seemeth too bright, too wild, too rare,
To be longer one of us ?

Each tone is one of high command
She knew not till to-day ;
And for every wave of her little hand
We must follow and obey.

The lady grew every day more bright,
Her beauty was as the morn ;
And from her glance a spell of light
To every heart was borne.

But the lady wasted hour by hour,
And perished day by day ;
A dazzling, but a dying flower,
She was passing swift away.

The lady lay on her dying bed—
Her bed of massy gold—
And far above her queen-like head
The crimson curtains rolled.

“Bear me forth,” was her dying word,
“To the open light and air,
Where the forest is by the night wind stirred,
For I would perish there.”

And they bore her then where the waters fell
From the moss-hung arch of stone,
To the banks of that dim and lonely well—
That band of mourners lone.

She never looked so full of life
As when she lay there to die ;
A world of passion—a sea of strife,
Was in her large dark eye.

"He comes not, ah !" the lady cried ;
"He of the golden hair ;
He doth not come to his chosen bride
In the hour of lone despair."

No sound issued from the stilly wood,
They marked no step draw near ;
Yet, lo ! in the midst of them HE stood,
And their hearts were sick with fear.

She looked, that lost one ! on his brow,
Yet spake she never a sigh,
Till he murmured, with a whisper low,
"I have come to see thee die !"

"Well hast thou come," said the dying one ;
"I have prayed to see thee last,
To give my spirit to thee alone
On whom my love was cast ;

"So shall it never part from thine,
Even when life is o'er ;
Oh, joy to die—with thee to twine
My being evermore !"

Then laughed he of the locks of gold,
 In stern and sudden scorn ;
 “The love of the fiend is dark and cold,
 And harsh are his fetters worn.”

The lady’s cheek was pale as the tomb,
 But her soul was brave and free ;
 “I care not what be my fearful doom,
 So I am doomed with thee !”

Then laughed he of the haughty crest,
 In wild, dark mockery ;
 “One little hour, and within my breast
 Shall no memory live of thee !

“I pass over earth, to blast each hearth—
 To win each lofty heart—
 Then leave them all, in my fearful mirth,
 Forgotten—as thou art !”

He turned him to the forest glade,
 And vanished from our sight ;
 While flung afar, wild laughter made
 An echo through the night.

The lady lay, oh ! struck with death,
 And worse, with wringing wo,
 Such as mocketh at the deep-drawn breath
 Of men in torture slow.

"Is there no hope?" the lady cried,
 "No reed upon the wave?
I sink beneath the whelming tide—
 Oh, for a God to save!

"Oh, Christ of heaven! a hold—a stay—
 There is a gulf beneath;
Dark spirits strode across my way,
 And now, despair and death!"

Then forth there stepped a man of God,
 With hair of reverend snow;
A hundred years above the sod
 He had watched the waters flow.

He spake a word in the lady's ear—
 A word—'twas like a spell;
She started on her couch to hear
 The seer of St. Mary's Well.

And on her brow he crossed a sign,
 With the cool spray of the wave,
And he said, "Past is this sin of thine—
 These have the power to save:

"They wipe the stain—they loose the chain—
 Cast thy dark fate above;
Fling back to fiends their hate again—
 To dust, thy godless love!"

The lady died : we laid her there,
By the wave, in the shadowy grass,
Where evermore, on the evening air,
Low, tuneful murmurs pass.

And the old man, too, hath left his cell,
And there's nought at St. Mary's Shrine,
Save troops of deer, by the lonely well,
Who drink in the fair moonshine.

THE REDEEMED.

—
“The meek shall inherit the earth.”
—

OH ! to this earth

Shall we return, when from the silent tomb
We wake, the children of a purer birth,
Breaking that solemn spell, that funeral gloom ?

Shall we arise

By these same valleys, by these mountains lone ;
And shall our clear and spiritual eyes
Gaze on the things that we of yore have known ?

Shall we behold
These self-same rivers, winding on their way ;
These harvest fields, waving eternal gold,
Bright in the sunlight of some endless day ?

But what for *change*,
Shall not an alteration mark the earth ?
Oh ! if one earthly year our footsteps range,
Do not strange shadows darken o'er our hearth ?

What shall remain,
Then, when the yet uncounted ages roll
Their giant wheels o'er earth's peopled plain,
Making a mighty ruin of the whole ?

Where shall our place,
Our own familiar place be ?—with the past :
And shall no mark, no heart-awakening trace,
Of our own hearth and blessed mansions last ?

All swept away :
And should our memories live, how much to mourn
Shall our hearts find amid the dark decay,
When clothed again, we to the earth return.

But that vast power,
Whose voice shall wake us from the dreary tomb ;
May it not, in that strange and wondrous hour,
Bid earth's lost homes and gardens once more bloom.

Yes, we may know, once more,
The homes we loved, again our steps may be
By the same seats, where ages long before
We sat and sang, beneath the bright green tree.

And 'neath its shade,
We may behold our loved one's bright eyes beam ;
For dark decay *no* cherished things are made,
By the All-Wise. So let Faith humbly deem.

RENDER ME BACK.

RENDER me back, of early years
The love that darkly died :
Give me its tumults and its tears,
Its passions and its pride.
Restore its power—how vain, how brief
Its hopefulness, its glee.
Give back its passionate joy and grief,
'Thou who art false to me.

I charge thee by my wonderous fate,
 My strange lone destiny ;
By the heart whose triumphs, all too late,
 Have passed like visions by.
By the joyful soul that erst was mine,
 The woes within its core,
By many a weird and mournful sign,
 I ask my love once more.

Restore that sweet and cherished dream,
 Thou ! who hast broke the spell ;
Give back the sunshine to the stream,
 Whose tides in darkness dwell.
The hope that woke in smiles and tears,
 The word, the power, the pride ;
Render me back, of early years,
 The love that darkly died.

THOU ART GONE.

THOU art gone, thou art gone, but we must not deplore
thee,

Though bright was thy summer, and green in its
prime ;

Rest, rest by the ocean side, heaven is before thee,

Thou friend, whose kind memory can end but with
time.

Thou hast gone from the land of thy toiling—hast
perished—

Our sight shall behold thee, rejoicing, no more ;

Thou hast left us, the friends thou hast valued and
cherished,

Hast left us thy loss on the earth to deplore.

Ah ! why hast thou vanished, for aye was our greeting

The kindest, the warmest, that hearts ever gave ;

Ah ! why hast thou left us, the wild joy of meeting,

Cold, cold is its gleam o'er the wide yawning grave.

Low-couched on the sea sands, and rocked by the billow,

That heaves on the desolate shore, thou 'rt at rest ;
How cold is thy slumber, how hard is thy pillow,
Thou friend we so honored, so cherished, so blessed.

Thou art dead, thou art dead, but we must not deplore thee,

Though bright was thy summer, and green in its prime ;

Rest, rest, by the ocean wave, heaven is before thee,
Thou friend, whose affections were true and sublime !

THE PINE BOUGH.

—
“ The wind that in the pine top grieves.”—BRYANT.
—

“ The wind is in the woods of pine,
Hark to its solemn roar !

The mournful sigh, the measured chime
The sounds that wildly pour.

The wind is in the woods of pine,
What speaks it, to that soul of thine ?”

FIRST VOICE.

I hear the rush of banners,
Borne as on eagle wings,
I hear the sounds of battle
Blent with the trumpet's rings !
I hear the tramp of multitudes,
Gathering, and gathering near,
The advent of a mighty host
Is thronging on mine ear.

“The wind is in the woods of pine,
It hath a changeful sound,
What speaks it with its tone divine,
O thou, in visions bound ?”

SECOND VOICE.

An anthem is upon my brain,
An *anthem*, lone and high ;
It rises yet, that solemn strain,
And stretches to the sky !
Methinks I see the kneeling monks,
In churches vast and dim,
Amidst the strangely chequered light,
Lifting that solemn hymn.

“The wind is in the woods of pine !
O eagle heart and eye,
Speak forth ! worn wanderer of the brine,
I thirst for thy reply !”

THIRD VOICE.

The sea ! the sea ! the *booming* sea,
Is round me with its rush,
And I am in my bark once more,
Amid the billows' hush.
I hear the moaning of the main,
Away ! the sail is free,—
Away, away !—O restless heart,
The pine bough *mocketh* thee.

“And thou ! thou of the musing brow,
Thou youngest of our band ;
Speaks not to thee the murmuring bough,
A song of sea or land ?”

FOURTH VOICE.

A wail of wo, a voice that grieves,
As o'er the early dead,
And now a sob amid the leaves,
Like human tones are shed.

A sigh, that seemeth not of earth,
Thrills me with awe divine;
Oh, *mother* ! do I hear thy voice
Amid the woods of pine ?

“ Thou hearest it—ay ! for every sound
Is poured on nature’s blast ;
All echoes of our murmuring dreams,
Our future, or our past.
For nature’s wild wind minstrelsy
Can waken every strain,
Peopling the pathless wilderness
With vanished things again !”

THE DISUNITED.

HE had grown past the age when love is fear,
And doubt and passion blended oft with pain :
Unto his intellect all things were clear,
And clouded might not be on earth again.
His youth, with all its visions beautiful,
Was bygone, and his forehead wore a seal
Of strange experience, almost powerful,
That from his yet remaining years did steal—

So he looked older than he was ; for mind
Will leave the trace of its strong thoughts behind.

Nor was he one to counterfeit the youth

He had outstripped :—but in his wisdom grave,
He bore the measure of his years with truth ;

And marked the gray hair in his ringlet's wave
Without a sigh,—but wherefore ? In his fame

He was eternal, and could never wane ;
His was that breathing deathlessness of name

That echoed o'er with praise again, again.
And in his country's senate halls had place,
And well such post his haughtiness did grace.

His genius was of a high order—and

His eloquence most thrilling. I have heard,
That once, amidst the sternest of the land

He spake, till all the founts of tears were stirred,
And old men wept like children. Years went on,

And left him, as I said, beyond his prime,
Ere the deep secret of his life was won ;

And this man loved, even with a love sublime,
A calm and total feeling, that possessed,
In its deep influence, at once his breast.

The lady of his love was young and fair—

Fair as the lily on its graceful stem ;
Youthful as flowers that seek the summer air ;
Gentle, and innocent too, and pure like them.

He *might* have been her father, had he wed
As young as she. But as it was, he deemed
She was a fitting bride, and her he led
Unto the altar as he 'd fondly dreamed.
Brief was their wooing. He was all devoted,
She gentle, true, and ever timid-hearted.

I said his love was past its burning zone
And of a tempered passion ; yet it reigned
Deeper, profounder, in its earnest tone,
In his stern heart than feelings madly strained,
That die in their fulfillment. His love knew no end ;
Lovely was she to him in smiles or tears,
Lovely in light or shadow. He would send
Into far countries, that her future years
Might be a fount of luxury. His gold
He poured upon her nobly, all untold.

And she, with gentle looks and even ways,
She ruled his household and rejoiced his eyes.
Glad was the even tenor of her days,
All kind, and good, and fraught with sympathies.
The world looked on, and said, " The house is blest,
The husband 's noble, and the wife is fair ;
And both are fond, caressing and caressed,
Their lives are free from earthly toil, and care."
A child was given to them ; their crowning joy
Was in the wild dark glances of their boy !

And years rolled on without a single cloud—

It was a summer's night ; the brilliant moon
Had broken in lustre from her fleecy shroud,

When his steps reached his mansion yet too soon ;
For on a tedious journey he had gone,

That promised months of absence, ere he met
The messenger with tidings, gladly won,

That told, his country did not need him yet.
So he returned him home, tears in his eyes,
To think on all her gladness and surprise.

He entered gently at the open door,

And sought his chamber. There his sleeping child
Lay nestling softly ; and oh, joy the more,

He heard its mother's voice all sweet and wild,
As from her oratory breathed in prayer,

Where pictured saints and martyrs hung around ;
He stood to gaze upon her beauty there,

As with her auburn tresses all unbound,
She kneeled, and from her heart sent up a tone,
Unto the heaven of heavens' holy one !

And thus she prayed, “ Hear, Father ! hear, O thou,

To whom we cling, frail creatures of the clay ;
Humbly to thee, my Maker do I bow,

Oh ! wash the darkness of my soul away.

I love him !—oh ! my Father, spare me yet ;
Leave me to innocence, oh, God ! oh, God !
Teach me that awful passion to forget,
And cast upon me thine afflicting rod.
Bind me yet to my husband and my child,
And let this love pass from the undefiled !

In dust and ashes, on my bended knees,
Thee I implore, oh ! let me love no more !”—
He heard no further, still as midnight's breeze
He left her prostrate on the marble floor.
As he withdrew, but with a brow so wan,
A cheek so haggard and an eye so cold,
His fondest lovers had not known the man,
Or knowing him had shuddered to behold,
He leaned his brow upon his hand—the room
Grew dark, and veiled that struggle with its gloom.

And they lived on seemingly as before,
No change, no alteration, ever so slight,
Was in his household, all things went as yore,
In the same order, morning, noon or night.
But gradually, men knew not whence or why,
Shadows came o'er their dwelling, and thy sound,
Laughter ! grew rare, then vanished totally,
And all moved on, as if in visions bound.

But the end was not yet, sorrow and tears
Were the companions of their later years.

The boy in whom all now was centered drooped,
Faded, and fell, and *died* like a sweet flower
Untimely nipt, and the proud father stooped
To the relief tears bring in such an hour.
But frantically, and with wild shrieks and cries,
Contrasted strangely with her wonted mien,
The *mother* sent her anguish to the skies,
And flung herself, her child and earth between,
And crushed, and tortured, from her arms away
They bore, with funeral rites, that fragile clay.

Then they two parted : they ! who might have been
Such comfort to each other, went afar,
Each on a separate path : this earthly scene,
To them was but a pilgrimage. No star
Beamed o'er them shedding comfort in its rays,
Upon their pathway tending to the grave,
And never to their slow declining days
Came back the light that died on sorrow's wave.
As beings to each other all unknown,
They each had loved—they lived, they died alone !

RALPH PERCY,

“Slain in battle in the cause of the Queen, used this expression, denoting his loyalty, in dying: ‘I have saved the bird in my bosom.’”

(SEE BRITISH PEERAGE.)

He died the death that became the brave,
On the crimson turf reclining ;
On the field of his fame he found a grave,
With his standard o’er him shining.

He died !—while his face wore its proudest glance,
Though his life was rapidly closing ;
And proudly he looked on the broken lance,
On which he lay reposing.

He saw the last of his suns decline,
But his proud face knew no sorrow ;
And he cried, “ My Queen shall behold thee shine
On her warrior’s grave to-morrow.”

And still he cried, (while to death he bent,
Like a lost, untimely blossom,)
“ Dark is my doom, but I die content,
I have saved the bird in my bosom !”

TO S * * * * A * * E * * * * .

CHILD of my heart ! come hither to my knee,
Look up amid thy dark and curling hair ;
Fling back thy locks, that I thy glance may see,
And find the heaven above us mirrored there.

Child of my heart ! thy features are divine ;
I often ask if earth hath yet in store
A gem so rare, so dear, so pure, as mine—
A thing to love to clasp, all but adore.

Child of my heart ! look on me. Even now,
A mournfulness upon my brow is thrown ;
Thou hast thy father's lip, thy father's brow—
Hast thou thy father's spirit, oh, mine own ?

Thy father's brow, majestic as the heaven,
Thy father's dark eyes flashing like the morn--
Hast thou his generous spirit to thee given ;
Of all things low, his noble, noble scorn ?

Child of my heart ! hold'st thou all deep and strong
That father's memory in thy spirit's cell,
A charm of life 'gainst injury and wrong,
A sacred dream ?—for, oh ! *He* loved thee well.

Child of my heart ! I feel thou art too dear ;
My soul is bound too deeply in this tie ;
I feel thou lingerest on my pathway here,
The angel dream of my mortality !

Child of my heart ! go bound upon thy way,
Let thy young laugh ring gaily o'er the sward,
And with elastic limbs haste to thy play,
Nor know, nor dream, how thou art here adored.

THE PICTURE.

“Unveil the picture,
Give to the light that false yet beautiful face,
And let me gaze upon it—yet once more,
Before I perish!”

I HAVE come to gaze upon thee, thou proud and pictured thing,
And to bring thee tears and sorrow, as mine only offering;
A sad and broken spirit, a lone and hopeless heart,
And a world of wild remembrances, which never can depart.

Ay, thou art bright and glorious, as in the blessed time,
When he whom thou portrayest was in his summer prime;
Thou hast the same proud forehead, noble, and broad, and high,
The same deep realm of tenderness, within the liquid eye.

There is the lip's expression, proud, delicate and fine,
The sweeping of the profile, in its straight Grecian line;
The head's clear chiselled contour, with all its waving
hair,

The pencilled and expressive brow, all, all is pictured
there.

Breathe but the rich low music of the voice I loved
so well,

Give but the smile's deep meaning, and the lip's un-
conquered swell;

I ask a sign, a motion, a change within the eye,
That I may deem it real all, deem *he* is here, and die.

Oh! dim and senseless portrait, what dost thou not re-
call?

What bright and blessed visions, of song and festival?
What bitter, bitter partings, thou bid'st me to deplore,
What meetings, full of ecstasy, dost thou again restore?

I will not think upon them, those glad and trusting
hours,

When the world seemed bright before me, and its path-
way strewn with flowers;

I will call up all the anguish thou hast cast upon my
heart,

All thy cold hollow faithlessness, thy dark designing art.

I will think upon my prospects, forever stilled and
crushed,

On bloom forever blighted, on joy forever hushed ;
I will think upon affections, thrown idly, coldly by,
On nights and days of bitterness, on years of agony.

These shall make up my vision, my retrospect of wrong ;
And by the hopes so cherished, that bound my spirit
long,

And by that noble aspect, and this ruined heart of mine,
I utter here a prophecy—deep, solemn and divine.

I feel that I am dying, even here, before the fane
Of mine earthly adoration, shall my fainting spirit
wane ;

Yet, before my voice departeth, and before my heart
is cold,

I will read thy shadowy destiny, yet hidden and untold.

Thou shalt stand within the revel, thou shalt dwell in
solitude,

Thou shalt dare the angry ocean, and seek the field
of blood ;

But a sick and loathing spirit, discontented, wild and
strange,

Shall urge thee on a wild career, a ceaseless wish for
change.

Thou shalt win a bride of beauty, but thy vain and
fickle heart,

Shall turn away in coldness, and goad thee to depart ;
And thou shalt leave the being—who in deep and holy
faith,

Had linked with thee her every hope—to loneliness
and death.

My wrongs may be forgotten, but their influence shall
remain,

I set a spell upon thee, of a restless heart and brain,
Oh ! vainly shalt thou struggle, with the tyrant of thy
breast,

As a bird that yearneth for the earth, and dares not
stoop to rest.

In the waning of my spirit, ere my sands of life are
told,

While my fainting limbs are drooping, and my heart
is waxing cold ;

I name thee here a *rover*, on every sea and shore,
Through a life, long, wild, yet weary, a wanderer
evermore !

CAIN AND ENOS.

THE mark which God did set upon the brow
Of Cain, was *madness*, and all hands were stayed
From injuring one so helpless in his wo,
And through a thousand lands unharmed he strayed,
Protected by his desolate state. For then,
Such anguish was a thing *unknown to men*.

Unknown, undreamed of, was such grief and crime,
As had scorched out his spirit from her shrine,
In that remote, and dim, and innocent time,
They looked on him as one whom wrath divine
Had sent to traverse earth, to warn and awe
All hearts from sin—a dread and living law!

And so he passed in peace!—yet it is said,
That the child, Enos, followed his worn feet;
And from those little hands the wanderer fed,
And from those eyes he drank a comfort sweet,

Even in his darkness, so much hope and youth
Beamed on that brow of innocence and truth.

Surely the hand of God sustained that child
In his long, lone and patient wanderings
Through trackless forests, and through deserts wild,
Where the soul panted for untasted springs :
Amid deep valleys, and eternal snows,
With an unstricken brow he bore his woes.

And when the night fell over that lorn pair,
He would sustain the matted head of Cain,
Singing him low, sad songs to soothe his care,
That he might sleep, and wake refreshed again ;
And when he wakened, even 'mid desert sands,
Bear him the hoarded draught with his small tremu-
lous hands.

Ofttimes in some deep forest they would rest,
Where the birds sang not, deeming it was night ;
And then, that boy, so beautiful and blest,
Would strive to win his father back to light—
Talking to him of old familiar things,
The home he loved, with all its gushing springs :

The trees, the vines, the flowers, and most of all,
The mother left so lorn, who still must weep,
And the glad children at their festival

Of fruits and blossoms ; and the craggy steep,
Where the wild brook leapt down a mighty river,
Singing the same tumultuous song forever.

But these to Cain were darkness. If he spoke,
One name forevermore escaped his lips,
And with a wild and fearful sound it broke,
On the drear forest, from his soul's eclipse—
“ Abel ! my brother, nay ! thou dost but feign
A strange, deep slumber, rouse thee—*I am Cain !*

Then falling to the earth, with moans of wo,
As if but then the consciousness of death
Had flashed across his soul. With dust-stained brow,
He would accuse the God that gave him breath,
And loathe his being, and with gestures wild,
Cast from his bosom the sad, innocent child.

Cowering beside him, with his waving hair,
Would Enos rest till that wild spasm was o'er ;
And when the fierceness of his dark despair
Had wearied Cain, he would arise once more,

And raise his father's head, and wipe away
The dark rank dust that on his forehead lay ;

And bathe his brow with water from the spring,
And print soft kisses on its dark expanse,
Blackened and burnt by weary wandering ;
So would he lull his father to the trance,
In which alone his woes would rest awhile,
And his lips wear their earliest, happiest smile.

Oh, Enos ! Beautiful is thy memory ;
With all pure images enshrined thou art,
Thou young and faithful ! ever sacred be
Thy fearless footsteps, and thy faithful heart,
And thy sweet voice, which cheered at times the
dearth
Of that first outcast of this crime-stained earth.

AURELIAN, THE UNDYING:

THE FRAGMENT OF A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

“This hand,
Which seems but clay to thy disordered eyes,
Is spirit fashioned.”

* * * * * *

“No home for me ;
The very grave rejects me. I must live
Hundreds of years—long years.”—BARRY CORNWALL.

SCENE.—*A dreary waste, on the borders of a German forest.*
TIME.—*Midnight.*

IRENE.

Aurelian !

AURELIAN.

I am here.

IRENE.

Dearest Aurelian,
Give me thy hand. 'Tis dark ! Ah, now I clasp
That precious hand ; I am afraid no longer.

AURELIAN.

And yet thou tremblest !

IRENE.

Oh, my love, I fled
So rapidly through the forest, that my limbs
Are faint with weariness. The hour had passed
Which should have marked our meeting; for my father
Sat longer poring o'er his books to-night
Than is his wont; and when at last he slept,
I flew to meet thee. Well I knew thy lone
And cheerless vigil in the night was held—
The haunted midnight. I was sick at heart
Lest thou should deem me careless of our tryst.
But, no! thou couldst not doubt me.

AURELIAN.

No, young love;
I know too well thy deep devotedness,
For such mistrust. I have pored o'er thy heart
With spirit eyes, until I know each line
Of its fair pages; and my name is traced
In all. Thou lovest me, most beautiful,
As man was never loved—as women loved
In olden times the angels who came down
From their celestial homes to seek their smiles.
Yet, mark me, maiden! there shall come a time
When thou shalt shrink from me with loathing awe,
As from the embrace of death!

IRENE.

What mean these words?

If, as thou sayest, thou has read my heart,
There also hast thou seen a constancy,
Even hand in hand with love, that cannot die.
Shrink from thee! Never! Though the worm wreathed
round

Thy senseless temples, I would press them still
Passionately to these despairing lips!

AURELIAN.

The moon hath put aside the leaden clouds
That veiled her lustre, and from her pure urn
Pours molten silver. Irene, look on me!

IRENE.

I see thee, in thy young and graceful pride;
Yet even in the darkness I beheld thee:
Thine image is so graved upon my sight—
Mine inward gaze—that midnight veils it not.

AURELIAN.

Look yet again! I hold up my right hand
(Which yesterday strangled a forest wolf);
The moonlight streams upon it clear as morn.
Is there no change upon it, trusting girl?

IRENE.

Ah, Heavens! it is withered like the hand
Of age, or like an autumn leaf. Oh, God!
What means this change? That fair and powerful hand
Withered and shrunken!

Speak, oh, speak to me!

AURELIAN.

Irene, the spell is working even now
Which shall estrange thee from me. Thou hast
dropped
The palsied hand, as though a serpent's coil
Had touched thee. Pale and motionless
And shuddering thou standest. Fare thee well!
I've proved thee, and thy matchless constancy.

IRENE.

Aurelian, leave me not, or I shall die
Here, in the solitude of my despair,
Beneath the unpitying stars. Oh, mock me not!
Have I deserved this taunt?—I, who have knelt
Before thy feet, in worship, looking up
Into thine eyes for hope, as others look
To Heaven?—I, who, night after night,
For months, have dared the darkness and the storm,
The forest wolf, the phantoms of the wood,
The cold and driving rain which drenched my frame,
Even for thy sake. Think you that I could change?

AURELIAN.

Ay! change so strangely that, in future years,
When thou beholdest me thou shalt stand pale,
And sick, and shuddering, with thy pallid hands
Clasped o'er thine eyes, to shut the semblance out
Of one you worshipped once!

IRENE.

Oh, curse me not,
With words that bear so dark a prophecy.
See, I fall prone before thee—clasp thy knees,
And bathe thy feet with tears—revoke that curse!
Aurelian! I have loved thee; till my powers
Of mind and thought were whelmed in that wild
passion;
I am thy slave, think for me, act for me,
In all things, all save one—I *cannot leave thee*.

AURELIAN.

Maiden, arise, and once again look full
Upon me. Seest thou 'mid these waving locks,
Dark as the midnight, one long silver streak,
Heralding age?

IRENE.

It shines a line of light
Amid thy glossy curls, and though beneath
This change there lurk some fearful mystery,

I ask not whence it comes, nor doth it shake
The purpose of my soul.

Give me that hand
Which some weird process, quick and terrible,
Hath withered. Let me press it to my heart,
Dearer in its decay than in its strength.

AURELIAN.

Hear me, Irene! oh, never more my steps
Shall haunt this spot: it is forbidden to them
By powers which are like whirlwinds in their might,
Strong, irresistible, and I as frail
As the dead leaf within the tempest's sweep.
My term of rest is over; I am doomed
To wander wearily o'er this barren earth
For ages, countless ages—I am one,
Darkly immortal!

Irene, art thou calm?
To-morrow night the youth you loved so well
Shall have no name, nor place upon this globe;
The change of age—such strange decrepitude,
As never fell upon the head of man,
Shall be my mantle. Canst thou follow me?

IRENE.

Aurelian, I am faint with awe and fear.
I cling to thee for aid; oh! I have cast

A wonderous gift before thy feet, thou strange,
Mysterious man—a soul's idolatry,
A life's whole promise. I will go with thee.

AURELIAN.

Pause, ere you make this bitter sacrifice ;
Remember, scarce a day of youth is mine—
Already is the fearful spell at work,
And I shall wither visibly in thy sight,
As a scroll curls and wrinkles in the flames.
To-morrow noon thin locks of silver hair
Shall shade my pallid temples, and my steps
Grow feeble and unsteady.

When the sun
Is sinking to the west, a darker change
Shall fall upon me. Wrinkles of old age,
Discolored cheeks, furrows such as the plough
Of crime alone can trace ; these shall be mine.
And when the stars rise up the purple sky,
The shadow of an old decrepit man
Shall fall beside me.

Canst thou love me then ?

IRENE.

Almighty God ! shall aught so beautiful,
So glorious, change thus darkly. Shall that brow
Now like an ivory tablet, that fine lip,

That eye whose light hath been my guiding star,
That noble mien which well beseemed a hero ;
Shall these, thy choicest gifts, which death itself
Would be content to chill to sculptured marble,
Pass in their glorious prime of youth and life
To age, to horror, to infirmity ?
Yet he hath come between my soul and thee,
My heavenly Father ! he, the beautiful !
And in thy chastening hand I feel the just
And awful retribution which awaits
All who forget thee. Thou, the merciful,
Shalt give me strength to bear this heavy burthen
Thou layest upon me. Lord, thou knowest best !
Aurelian, I am ready. I am nerved
To do thy bidding. I will follow thee.

AURELIAN.

Irene ! it is not only on my brow,
And trembling lips, and hoary hairs, and eyes,
Dim with unnatural age, the curse shall fall.
A change shall pass within : those glorious thoughts
Which I have poured before thy very feet,
Shall freeze and wither. All my passionate love
Grow cold and selfish. I shall wholly change.
It will not be Aurelian that you follow,
But a sad spectre of the beautiful past.

IRENE.

I will go with thee—I will dwell with thee—
I will die near thee!

AURELIAN.

Rash and trusting girl!
Mark me! 't will be a strange and terrible fate;
Thou shalt live o'er again the olden tale
Of the dead fettered to the living. Thou
Shalt wither in the shadow of my bleak
And hideous age, until the arms of death
Shall seem more tempting than my wintry kiss.

IRENE.

Aurelian, I will go with thee.

AURELIAN.

Yet more,

O fairest of earth's daughters, even more,
Than these dark evils shalt thou nerve thy soul
To cheerfully endure. The fellowship
Of spirits shall be thine, even those which hold
The lightning in their hands, or ride the waves,
Heralds of death. These shapes shall girt thee round;
And from earth's children, from humanity,
Gentle affections, hopes, fears, sympathy,
The love thou bearest me shall shut thee out
Forever! speak to me, dost thou not falter?

IRENE.

I hold thy hand, I look upon thy face,
And I am firm. Yes! I will go with thee;
I can but die upon that waste of grief
Thou spread'st before me—be it at thy feet.

AURELIAN.

Yet pause! thou shalt not die. Oh, no! the tomb
Shall never open for Aurelian's bride
Its cold and quiet arms. No, gentle one,
Thou must share with me an enduring life—
An immortality that hath no part
Of Godhead, save its deathlessness. The sun
Shall sicken and grow old while life is ours,
And men shall die around us, as leaves fall
In autumn—leaving us alone on earth!

*[A flash of lightning strikes Irene dead at his
feet. She falls with a faint cry.] **

* This fragment was suggested by a prose sketch of uncommon beauty which appeared some years since in an English Annual, entitled "Kaled and Eurlia."

THE RECLUSE.

I AM not all alone,
Though on my threshold and my hearth,
No footstep breaks the voiceless dearth,
And shadows only come and go,
Where the elm branches hanging low,
Across the door are thrown.

Though voices there are none,
Save of the low and lulling wind,
That striveth vainly to unbind
The mighty vines, the gray, the old,
That cling, as with a serpent's fold,
Around each forest son.

Or of the owl, that all night long,
Pours to the solitude his song
Of wild and mocking revelry ;
Or of the yellow forest bee,
That comes to seek beside my door
Fresh aliment, for winter store—
Save these, no sound is here.

And you would deem that shadowed ground
A solitude, the most profound
That ever veiled from mortal sight,
The hermit or the anchorite.

 In truth the place is drear,
The foliage of the forest seems
To wear the misty hue of dreams,
For densely from the branches sway
The mossy tufts of livid gray
 Through all the livelong year.

 It was for this, I chose
To rear upon this sullen spot,
With toiling hand, a lowly cot
Wherein to dwell, until the time
Appointed by the Judge sublime
 For more profound repose.

 I deemed that I should find,
At last, within this forest gloom,
A waking death—a living tomb—
An apathy of brain and breast,
A dull monotony of rest,
 A stagnancy of mind ;
Which gradually should all erase—
The memory of olden days.

 I knew that those who dwelt
In tyrants' dungeons—lone, and far
From sound remote, from sun, from star,

Year after year, day after day,
Unheeding how time passed away—
Forgot, at last, their native shore,
Forgot the very name they bore,
And ceased to hope, to pray, to pine,
Content to breathe. Such trust was mine.

It was a vain belief!

Those words were true she spake to me.
“ Though I am dead and cold to thee,
Though mould is heaped upon my head,
And autumn leaves are o’er me shed ;
Though from the hall, and from the hearth,
Nay ! from the very face of earth,
My name, my memory are gone,
Still, thou shalt never be alone !”

In their immortal grief,
Those words were prophecy and truth.
I ’ve proved them in my blasted youth ;
I bear their proofs upon my brow,
Where lie the bleached locks of snow,
And where the footsteps of remorse
Have left, in living lines, their course
Engraven, as on stone.

Those words were truth and prophecy,
That breathed the curse of memory,
And wove around my heart and brain
A cold and never-yielding chain ;

To break whose icy bonds in twain,
Long have I striven, and striven in vain—
I ne'er shall be alone!

* * * * *

Why should I dread thee—form of air?
Thy silent face is, oh! how fair.
Thy folded hands are full of grace,
And like a summer cloud thy face.
Around thee, haunting thing of dreams,
Thy hair in golden glory streams;
And robes, more lustrous than the snow,
Around thy filmy figure flow.

No trace of blood is there!

I slew thee not—why comest thou,
With that reproachful, mournful brow?
Why ever gleam those large blue eyes,
Between me and the sunny skies?
I never broke that high command:
No gory stain is on my hand—
I hold it high! 'T is pale as thine,
Thou minister of wrath divine!

THE GOOD AND THE EVIL GENIUS.

“And the Lord said unto Satan, Behold, he is in thy hand.”—JOB.

I.

AWAY ! this hour is mine, he cried, and darkly through
the gloom,
That shadowy shape, in vapors clad, seemed giant-
like to loom ;
Go, veil thy brow, before the throne of Him who, great-
ly wise,
Gives, even to the Evil One, his share of destinies.

And if thou darest, ask of him why unto me is given,
A power, an influence, here denied to thee, the son
of Heaven ;
Then, turning from His silence dread, await with pros-
trate brow
Thine hour of rule, thy share of fate—mine be the
triumph now.

The angel bowed his shining head, and drooped his
glorious wing,

Oh ! strange and beautiful it was, to see that God-like
thing,

In pity for the innocent, the helpless child of clay,
Stand, mute and sad, before the spell of that unhal-
lowed sway.

He watched above a sleeping child, pillowed in happy
rest ;

A being scarce less seraph-like, than he, the angel
guest ;

So beautiful the lineaments, so rich the golden hair ;
So lovely the unconscious limbs, as sculptured marble
fair.

But powerless was the angel guard : a shape of haughty
gloom

Bent o'er his couch, and shadowed it with dark and
brooding plume ;

And in his accents musical, yet shaped to meaning
dread,

He muttered low his spell of power above the infant's
head.

I charm thee from all pain, he said, all ills of fleshly
form ;

I charm thee from the power of cold, of heat, of flood,
of storm ;

I grant to thee the choicest gifts, of fortune and of
fame ;

A god-like mien, a kingly wealth, a high, unspotted
name.

And if it be thy will to love, resistless shalt thou be,
No woman's eye, no woman's heart shall turn un-
scathed from thee ;

And if it be thy will to stand upon the nation's crest,
The whispered *wish* shall still suffice—leave unto me
the rest.

And thine shall be the fever thirst, that rages in the
soul,

And bids it drain the bitterest dregs, that dash Ambi-
tion's bowl ;

Thine be the sick disgust that meets the highest dreams
of fame,

Thine be the sceptic's scoff, that greets love's purest,
fondest flame.

A joyous task is mine, he cried, with low and scoffing
laugh,

To hold the cup of pleasure high, for thee to grasp
and quaff.

To haunt thy steps, to shape thy dreams, to keep thee
in mine eye,

Until I leave thee in the power of *grim Satiety*.

II.

Again those angel ministers, the guilty and the good,
When years had vanished, face to face above a sleeper
stood ;

Years, which had left no sign or trace on each immortal brow,
But changed from infancy to youth the form before
them now.

Yes, still the same—the forehead high, the features
calm and fine,
The hair that lay upon the brow, like offerings on a
shrine ;

The beauty of the folded limbs, in silence eloquent
As his, the child, o'er whose repose in other years they
bent.

Yet, o'er that aspect floated now a shadow vague and
wan,

An undefined and sickening dearth, as though the soul
were gone ;

And chilled and sad the angel looked upon the ruin
dim,

Of that effulgent morn of life which charmed the seraphim.

“This hour is mine,” he murmured low, and bent his
beaming look
Upon the dark and shrinking form, that ’neath its in-
fluence shook;
“Thy course is run, thine evil spent, satiety hath shed
Life’s bitterest curse upon this soul, where love and
hope are dead.

Thy task is ended, mine begins.” In stern and silent
gloom
The Evil Genius veiled his brow beneath his sable
plume;
While breathing like a summer lute, or like a foun-
tain’s flow,
Came forth the angel’s high behest, in accents sweet
and low.

“Go! thou art charmed no more,” he said, “go,
take thy share of strife,
I fling thee like a lotus-flower upon the waves of life.
Shadows shall compass thee around, and storm-clouds
lower above;
But still, my wing shall shelter thee with an undying
love.

“ Station, and wealth, and power, no more shall hold
thee from thy kind ;

I give thy splendors and thy fame to the unconscious
wind ;

And toil, and thought, and effort stern, shall yet avail
thee more

Than all thy wishes magic met, and all thy genii
store.

“ Go ! for I love thee—go, receive the scoff, the sneer,
the slight,

From those that worshipped thee erewhile—the slave,
the parasite ;

Behold within thy palace home, another denizen,
And know thy name a banished thing amid the
haunts of men !

“ Go ! for I love thee—go, redeem thy waste of heart
and youth,

By stern and bitter lessons, wrung from suffering and
truth ;

Give to the God, forgotten long, the soul condemned
of earth,

And from the ashes of the past receive a *Phœnix*
birth !”

SONNET.

IF I have loved to look upon thy face,
It was because *he* loved thee in past years—
If I have marked thy wild and bounding grace
With earnest eyes, whose only praise was tears !
'T was only, that in times long fled away,
Whilst I was blest, my loved one spake of thee ;
And of thy motions, all uncurbed and gay ;
And of thy heart, like a young eagle free,
Which made its home on thy expansive brow,
And gazed from thy large, deep and changeful eyes,
And gave thy voice a sweetness, like the flow
Of a spring fountain. Oh ! these memories
Waked up so freshly, when we met at last,
I could not *choose* but love thee for the *Past*.

THE CAIRN GORM.

[The Cairn Gorm is a precious stone, not unlike the topaz, found in the mountains of Scotland. The name signifies the gem of the *cairn*, or *cavern*.]

WHAT dost thou, lonely jewel, far from thy mountain
height,

Gem of the northern country, so purely grand and
bright?

Wherefore, in lustre gleaming, all tremulous and lone,
Shinest thou in festal places, the dancers fair upon?

Who from thy cave hath snatched thee, to wear thee
proudly here,

Thine amber radiance shining, yet, yet undimmed
and clear,

Far from thy lonely birthplace, across the ocean borne,
From the hidden heart of Scotland, with all thy lustre,
torn?

Amidst the olden ruins, the former things of earth,
O lonely gem of Scotland! thou hadst thy mystic
birth;

Thou hast seen the ancient Druids fell their victims at
the shrine,

And the light of Scottish history hid in cave as dark
as thine.

Thou hast seen the gathering clansmen, in their tartan's
proud array,

Thou hast lit the fiery battle, in the battle's fiercest
day,

Thou hast shone above the bridal, far in the ingle-
side,

Thou hast paled thy light in sorrow, for the chieftain's
funeral pride.

The snow of many winters hath round thee fallen
clear,

And the Highland hunter worn thee, on his pathway
to the deer;

A softer breath is on thee—a warmer, lighter ray—

Thou hast come to dwell, O jewel! in the regions of
the day.

Around thee is the myrtle and the balmy breath of
flowers—

The jasmin and the roses bend to greet thee in our
bowers;

And the soft south wind blows o'er thee, o'erladen
with perfume,

And many a foreign sight and sound begirt this festal
room.

But apart from all these visions from all that's warm
and fair,

O stern old gem of Scotland ! thou shinest strangely
there ;

Like a drear and exiled spirit thou seemest unto me—
Fain would I send thee back, with all thy glory, o'er
the sea.

Back to the lonely mountain, all crested with the snow,
Back to the savage fastness, to shine as long ago,
Back where the screaming eagle flies o'er the desert
cairn,

And the rocks frown down upon thee forever cold and
stern.

Thou hast no portion with us—no fame in southern
strain—

Back, with the chieftain's bugle, to the hills of heath
again ;

Back to the clan whose dwelling is the land of mist
and storm—

To the lightning and the tempest back, O Scotland's
lone CAIRN GORM !

THE MISSISSIPPI.

FATHER OF WATERS ! on thy stream I muse, but not as
one

Who cometh from afar, thy wave one hour to gaze
upon—

The wonder-seeking traveler, who traverses the sea,
To view how vast the channel where thy waves roll
fearfully.

In dreams, I stand beside thee, on the spot where we
were born,

And see thy waters gleaming in the sunshine of the
morn ;

In dreams, I stand beside thee, and I feel my heart
beat high,

For I love thee, O dark river, even to idolatry.

In dreams, I yet remember the years of childhood fled,
When thy dashings lulled my slumber, or woke me
when night sped,

When I played with my young sister amid thy verdant
canes—

Little, save these memories, of that childhood now re-
mains.

Since then I've been a rover on many a shore and sea,
But my spirit turned forever, dark river, unto thee ;
And still, in haunts of fashion, a low voice seemed to
come—

A voice of deep repining, whispering of thee, my
home.

'T was like thy *sob*, O river ! when the stars upon thee
glow,

And the midnight hush is deepest, and the midnight
winds are low ;

And there comes no sound or object to break thy sullen
swell—

'T was in hour like this my spirit on thy wonders
loved to dwell.

For mighty art thou in thy strength—mighty and lone
and wild,

Thou comest forth from forests dread, the mountains'
giant child ;

King o'er a thousand yielding floods that to thee tribute
pay,
As forth, a monarch robed and crowned, thou passest
on thy way.

When rose they ? Whence—thy waters ? Oh ! were
they, were they hurled,
From the opening panes of heaven, upon the early
world,
Laving primeval forest, where, as in chancel dim,
Arose beside these waters, earth's first creative hymn.

In those primeval forests, oh ! did the red deer bound,
Tossing their dark-brown antlers—trampling the new
made ground ?

And did the huge bald eagle over thy waters brood ?
Or didst thou, new-born giant, track one vast solitude ?

Speak forth, O mighty river ! thy history to mine
ear,

I'll hearken to thee ever, as the child the sire may
hear ;

Speak forth, O mighty river ! tell me of those who
leapt

Upon their war-paths by thee—by thee their councils
kept.

Tell of those gallant warriors by barbed arrow slain,
In the fierce Indian battle, whose burial mounds remain,

Who erst their sounding war-cry pealed by thy watery
strand,

And perished, bravely fighting the pale-face, hand to
hand.

Or tell of those whose daring, burthens full many a tale,
First on thy dangerous current to spread the white
man's sail,

Braving the hidden monsters that slumber in thy flood—
Braving the Indian's treachery, and the fear of solitude.

Methinks I still can see it, that first sail spread by man,
Whose mariners, though fearless, were yet with wonder wan,

As region upon region, vast, desolate and grand,
With *awe* each spirit shadowed, and steadied every hand.

And thou, thou fearful current, that still mockest
human skill,

That bursts all human barriers, shalt bow to Heaven's
will ;

And thou shalt pass, O river ! to the dark gulfs of
space,

Where worlds lie crushed in darkness—stars fallen from
their place.

But I, O native water ! thy fragile child, shall live,
And unto Heaven's remembrance thine earthly beauty
give ;

Farewell, vast Indian river ! roll onward to the sea,
My being evermore shall dwell, in life and death, near
thee.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

ROUND that house, deserted lying,
Wearily the winds are sighing
Evermore with sound undying
Through the empty window pane ;
As if with its wails, distressing,
It could call each earthly blessing
From the sods, above them pressing
Back, to live and breathe again.

There the cuckoo sits complaining,
All night long her voice is straining,
And the empoisoned oak-vine training,
Hangs its tendrils on the wall.

Once within those chambers dreaming,
Gentle looks of love were gleaming,
Gentle tones with deep love teeming,
Did unto each other call.

Far above the roof-tree failing
See, the hoary vulture sailing,
Marketh she the serpent trailing,
Underneath the threshold stone.
Heaven's bright messengers resembling,
Ringdoves, here, of old, were trembling,
As round some fair hand assembling,
They were fed by her alone.

Through the chamber windows prying,
Softly on the dark floor lying,
See the ghostly moonlight, flying
Through the untrodden gloom.
Seems it not to thee, sweet faces,
Shadowy forms of vanished graces,
Stealing, flitting to their places,
In that long forsaken room.

Where the darkened stairway windeth,
There her brood the Eagle mindeth,
And with chains Arachne bindeth,
Balustrade to balustrade.

Once so lightly upwards bounding,
Fairy steps were heard resounding,
While sweet laughter wild, astounding,
 Echoes through the mansion made.

Round the oaken tables spreading,
Through the hall the guests were treading,
Where the festal lamps were shedding
 Light upon the ruby wine.
Now swift through the doorway shrunken,
Creeping o'er the threshold sunken,
With the dew and starlight drunken,
 Reptile insects seem to twine.

In the parlor, long forsaken,
Once the lute was wont to waken ;
And with locks all lightly shaken,
 Maids and matrons joined in mirth.
Gentle accents here were swelling,
Hallowed voices often telling
Heaven alone was virtue's dwelling ;
 All these beings rest in earth.

'Mid these garden flowerets pining,
'Neath the starlight dimly shining,
Where the deadly vine is twining,
 Once were glorious bowers.

Once were gladsome children playing,
O'er the grass plots lightly straying,
With their golden ringlets swaying
 'Neath their crowns of flowers.

By yon gnarled oak's curious twisting,
Here was once a lover's trysting,
Fondly to each other listing,
 While they told their plighted vows.
Often when the lightning streaketh,
And the wind its branches seeketh,
Then that olden oak-tree speaketh,
 And sweet voices fill the boughs.

Could we bring again the glory,
To this mansion gray and hoary,
Flinging light on every story,
 Yet it would be desolate.
Yet (they say) 'tis doomed hereafter ;
Forms shall gleam from wall and rafter,
Full of silent tears and laughter,
 Mingling with a human fate.

Some indeed have said, that creeping,
Nightly from the window peeping,
Lightly from the casement leaping,
 They a ghostly maid have seen.

On the broken gate she swingeth,
And her wan-like hands she wringeth,
And with garments white she wingeth
O'er the grassy plain so green.

To the dark oak-tree she cometh,
Round its trunk she wildly roameth,
Shuddering, as the dark stream foameth,
There she roves till break of day.
Hers they say was love illicit,
Yet from out her murdered spirit,
This sad mansion did inherit
A curse never done away.

Therefore, in the balance weighing,
Underneath the rods decaying,
With their white hands clasped as praying,
Sleep the owners of the spot.
While this home of the departed,
Making sad the lightest-hearted,
Standeth still, *a house deserted*—
By the world, save me, forgot.

A TALE OF LIFE.

“The lady of his love was wed with one
Who did not love her better. In her home,
A thousand leagues from Scio—her native home—
She dwelt begirt by growing infancy,
Daughters and sons of beauty ; but, behold !
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.”—BYRON.

THEY say he was so beautiful, you could not choose
but gaze
Upon that broad, white brow, which seemed a shrine
for earthly praise,
That wheresoe'er his footsteps fell, where'er his voice
was heard,
A gushing sense of joyfulness in every heart was
stirred.

They tell me that his long fair hair, in its rich glossy
grace,
Waved like a sunny plume above its bright and buoy-
ant face ;

And that a beauty, all divine, was in his smile of light ;
And that his blue and liquid eyes were like the orbs
of night.

I've heard them say, no sculptor's hand e'er carved
so clear a line
As marked his proud and stately head—his features
straight and fine ;
And that his voice was like a lute, touched by a min-
strel hand ;
And that his thoughts were like the stars, a deep and
burning band.

He had a sweeping eloquence, that came in bursts of
light,
And dreams of poetry, and pride, of majesty and
might ;
And when he loved, his fervent heart flung all its
golden store
Before the very feet of one he could not but adore.

I know that she is beautiful, that lady of his love,
I've looked upon that face that bears a signet from
above :
A holiness and purity is in those large dark eyes,
Which in their earnest beauty seem communing with
the skies.

There is no color on her cheek, though youth be
written there ;

Her high brow is too pale for life, too passionless, too
fair ;

A dimness rests upon her lips, sad is *their* haunting
smile,

Whose coral was so strangely bright, whose laugh so
glad erewhile.

I've seen her, when her children clung in gladness
round her knee,

Look up to heaven abstractedly, unconscious of their
glee ;

With moving lips, as if she spoke to one no more of
earth,

And eyes which shone with heavy tears, amid their
childish mirth.

I've seen her when their father came, shrink from his
greeting hand,

With a sudden shudder quick and sharp, she could not
all command.

And oftentimes she sitteth mute beside the winter's
hearth,

With closed eyes, which cannot hold her tears of wo
and dearth.

She walks amid her household ways, as one whose
heart is dead,
With evermore the same calm face, the same slow,
gentle tread ;
With evermore the same deep look of patience and
despair,
That speaks so vividly of all my lips may not declare.

But he—the proud, the beautiful, whose soul before
her shrine,
Poured forth its loveliness and light, all glorious and
divine—
He rests beneath a foreign grave, with a stone above
his breast,
That bears no record save his name of that low place
of rest.

He died a death of sin and wo, forsaken and alone,
For he had trodden darksome ways, misguided and
unknown :
His wild and willful impulses—his feelings, strong
and high,
Had all been turned to one dark course of sinful
energy.

He had spent years in wassailing, with a spirit sick
the while,
With a brow that bore the mark of pain, a life the
mark of guile.
He had drained the wine-cup to the dregs, had worn
unholy chains,
Abjured his friends, forsworn his faith, and bowed in
foreign fanes.

No marvel that the lady wears the aspect of the dead,
They told her of his latest words—"My blood be on
her head !
Fair though she be, and beautiful, and girt with
power and love,
My dying voice shall follow her as a mandate from
above.

She broke the vows she vowed to me beneath the eye
of night ;
She rent aside the glorious dream that bound me in
its light ;
She left me for the thirst of gold, a high and powerful
name,
But I know her heart was all mine own, a thing of
perjured shame.

Tell her, tell her, I loved her still, as I trod that dark-
some path—
That for her sake I would have braved a God's aveng-
ing wrath ;
That with a spirit sick and lone, that all earth's storms
defied,
A heart whose throbs were all her own, darkly I lived
and died !

THE PELICAN .

AMIDST the forest solitude
A hunter sat him down to rest ;
His feet had wandered many a rood
Upon the mountain's breast.
Ere leaning on his trusty gun,
He gazed upon the setting sun.

Athwart the forest's branching crest
The crimson haze was burning low,
And wearied with his race, to rest
The sun was sinking slow.
A hundred miles, on either hand,
No dwelling broke that forest grand.

Yet calmly there, that man surveyed
The glories of the fading fire ;
And saw, even to the latest shade,
Omnipotence expire—
Then turned him silent to the glade,
And with his flint a fire he made.

Beneath a giant branching oak,
On whose dark trunk the fire-light played,
Whose limbs o'ertopped the curling smoke,
His frame the hunter laid ;
And the gray dawn grew bright o'erhead
Before he left the sylvan bed.

The moment of his opening eyes—
It was a morn of dewy spring—
He saw, between him and the skies,
A bird on cleaving wing.
His hand sent message sure and fleet,
And brought that wanderer to his feet.

It was a most impatient deed ;
The hunter warred not with such prey,
And half ashamed to see him bleed,
Turned where his victim lay :
It was a Pelican, who takes
His way across our lower lakes.

And silently he looked upon
The ruffled plumage white as snow,
And marked, beneath that sea of down,
The rosy hues below,
And said, "I would a nobler prey
Had fallen by my hand to-day.

"It was a wanton act to take
Life, when I craved thee not for food—
Better within some inland lake,
To watch thee with thy brood,
And feel, o'er man and bird of air,
God still forever holds his care.

"The rosy Pelican returns
To the far northern land with Spring,
And in the southern streams she learns
To bathe her wintry wing ;
For God, unto this creature, hath
Traced, as to me, a desert path.

"I have not dwelt amid mankind,
But in the forest spent my life ;
God hath not made me weak or blind,
Nor smote me in the strife :
A guide across the heaven's face—
A guide within the forest's space.

A VALLEY OF VIRGINIA.

A LONG deep valley—narrow, silent, shaded
By lofty trees—the young, the old, the seer ;
It lies where footstep seldom has invaded
The haunts and coverts of the graceful deer.
The silver sound of a small fountain, springing
From the green bosom of the shaded earth,
With its blithe, mellow and *eternal* singing,
Is there the only voice that tells of mirth.

For all the day the ringdove's note complaining,
Fills with its mumurs sad the dusky air ;
And when the twilight solemnly is waning,
The sullen owl shrieks wildly, harshly there.
The young fawn starts, as o'er the fountain bending
To quaff the water sparkling to the brim,
He hears the savage cadence, far ascending
Through the still evening air and forest dim.

The grass is full of wild flowers, and they render
A fragrance, strangely delicate and fine ;
And the young cedars, tall, erect and slender,
Grow wreathed around with many a clinging vine.
The purple clusters, 'mid the shadows falling,
Invite the bird to leave his leafy hall,
And, in low melodies, you hear him calling
His brooding mate to share his festival.

Vale of Virginia ! oft my spirit turneth
From crowded cities to thy deep repose ;
And with a sick and weary aching, yearneth
To bear unto thy gloom its weight of woes,
And dwell within thy shadows ; there repelling
All worldly forms, all vanities of earth,
I would uprear a rude and moss-crowned dwelling,
And muse above a solitary hearth.

There would I summon many a vanished vision,
Around my threshold and my couch to draw ;
And far from earthly fane, and man's derision,
Adore, according to the *living law*.
There, when mine eyes had closed in sleep eternal,
Still would I wish to take my quiet rest,
Shrined in that solitude profound and vernal,
The boughs above, the wild flowers on my breast.

THE PARTING OF CORINNA AND OSWALD.

“FAREWELL! farewell!” again, and yet again,
That word of anguish came upon her ear,
And her sick heart turned, shuddering, from the sound
Which brought its desolation; on her face
The mighty struggle of her soul was traced,
In wild, tempestuous changes, and a dark
And ominous presage of the cloud which cast
Its shadow o’er her coming life was set,
Pall-like, upon her spirit. Stricken, mute
She stood before the idol of her soul,
And gazed upon his face in voiceless wo;
And ever as he turned to leave her sight,
She stretched towards him one imploring hand,
Which checked his steps, and then relaxed again
Into its nerveless listlessness. Once more
His foot was on the threshold, and her eyes
Grew dim with their intensity of grief,
Chained as they were to his retreating form.

She could not speak—her lips were sealed with wo,
 And with a sigh, wherein her tortured heart
 At last found bitter utterance, she sank
 Lifeless upon the marble floor, and blood
 Gushed from her regal forehead as she fell.
 Oswald knelt down beside her, and in low
 And broken tones of tremulous agony,
 Called on the name of her he solely loved ;
 And she revived, to hear the thrilling tone,
 To meet the eloquent and lovelit eyes,
 Which were to her unutterably dear,
 Fixed on her face, in anxious tenderness,
 In her awakening from that dark repose.
 A moment of oblivion, of delight,
 Was given, in mercy, to her. It was hers
 For one short interval to lose the sense
 Of coming sorrow ; but that consciousness
 Of drear abandonment and lone despair,
 Which had accorded to a summer's day
 The agony of years, returned once more—
Memory returned, and bowed her soul to dust.
 She rose ; she clasped in one long, sad embrace
 The idol of her being ; then, with tears,
 Whose bitter anguish none might know, save God,
 She spoke to him such words of living truth,
 That never from his brain their *meaning* passed,

And never from his heart their *echo* died :
“ Not as we met in that triumphant scene ;
Not as thou sawest me at the capitol,
Radiant with joy and glory, stand I now
Before thee—thou whom I too well adore !
Oswald, remember ! on this burning brow
Fresh laurels then were wreathed, and now behold
Where blood from my own lava veins, and dust
From the cold walls of Venice, have combined
To set their crown of frail mortality.
And this is but a token of the change
Which thou hast wrought within. The soul whose pride
And aspiration were beyond all fame
Is now more lowly than a peasant girl’s ;
My eagle spirit is an humbled thing,
My inspiration is a saddened gift,
The tears which gushed from gladness have become
Drops wrung from a torn heart : thus am I changed.
It is not to reproach thee that I speak
Of all that I have suffered : Oswald ! no !
My trust in thee is earnest as in Heaven ;
I look upon thee as a thing more pure
Than Iceland snows—more noble and more proud
Than heroes of the olden Italy.
I tell it thee, that, thinking of my love,
Its fervency, its sacrifices, its truth,

Thou mayest forgive my weakness, nor despise
 The passionate heart which loves thee as its God!
 And now, farewell! oh, while my heart hath strength
 To send that word of anguish to my lips,
 Beloved one—depart!”

She turned away,
 In shuddering grief, and, with a faltering step,
 She traversed that high chamber, and knelt down
 Before her father's picture, and she leaned
 Her aching forehead on the clear, high brow
 Depicted there; and from her closed eyes
 Gushed forth the bitter tears they could not hold.
 Her soul was bowed in earnest prayer—her heart
 Had gone far back into the vale of years,
 Summoning up the loved, the lost, the dead.
 In that brief interval, her varied life
 Was spread before her vision, and she felt
 A momentary loathing for the past,
 With all its glowing tints, and her sick heart
 Yearned vainly for oblivion or the grave.
 From her pale lips the supplication burst,
 In low and broken murmurs, “Oh! my sire,
 Sainted and worshipped one, forsake me not;
 Thou who didst cherish me—thine early hope—
 The child of thy young love, above all else,
 I come before thee with a chilled, wrung heart—

I kneel before thee with a fainting brain,
Imploring thee to lend my spirit strength,
To raise my prostrate energies—to stand
Between me and the vengeance of my God !”
She turned, and he was gone.

* * * * *

[This Poem is, as nearly as possible, a translation from the prose of
Madame DE STAEL]

DEATH ON THE PRAIRIE.

It was a morn of autumn ; wide and vast
And boundless to the eyes of those who gazed
Upon its waste of verdure, as the sea,
The prairie stretched away ; and through its long
Luxuriant grass, the breath of morning crept,
Swaying its flexile blades—until they rose
And fell, in masses, like the ocean waves,
And rendered, like those billows of the deep,
The sunbeam’s splendor back, for yet the dews
Were on their mobile surface.

In this wide
Monotony of beauty, there appeared
One landmark only for the weary eye,
And that was but a wreathing cloud of smoke,
Uprising from the fires of those who made
A temporary sojourn on that waste
Of verdure. They had paused where burst a spring
Up from the very sod, and made its way
Quietly through the grass ; a silver stream,
Narrow, and winding, and almost unseen
At a few paces from its humble source.
Here had they *sadly* rested, for the sake
Of one, whose weariness of heart and limb
Demanded such repose, and whose parched lips
Drank eagerly and gratefully their last
Refreshment from the waters of the wild.
She lay upon the rude and hasty couch,
Which kindly hands had framed ; that dying girl !
And gazed upon the blue, autumnal sky,
With something half ecstatic in her pale
And parted lips ; and in her large blue eyes,
And in the folding of her wan, slight hands,
Clasped as in prayer.

She had besought them not
To raise between her and the firmament
Shelter or shade. It was her dying wish

To feel the breeze, the sunlight, on her brow ;
For she was one, though lowly of descent,
Imbued with fine perceptions, and the high
And spiritual love of nature, long
Had made its home and altar in her heart—
She seemed not of the mould of those who hung
In watchful love around her. It may be
That death, the chastener, from her lineaments
Had banished all the dross of earthly thought,
And stamped the impress of the angel there.
The loveliness of that seraphic face
No marble might surpass—nor in the halls
Of princely dwellings, where the beautiful
Wear the fine delicacy of the flower,
Hath eye beheld a brow more beautiful
Than hers, the daughter of the Emigrant.
The deep solemnity of hopeless grief
Reigned o'er the band of kindred wayfarers—
A silence only broken by the low
And pleading voice of one who knelt beside
The perishing girl, and clasped her chilling hands,
And wiped the dews from her transparent brow
With the devoted tenderness of despair.
Silent and stern, with folded arms, and lips
Compressed in agony, the father stood,
And gazed upon the lily of his race

Broken and crushed ; and the strong, swarthy lines
Of his embrowned and manly countenance
Seemed deeper ploughed by that short space of grief,
Than all its years of toil, of change, of pain.
And silent, too, the brothers grouped around,
Yet shaken in their stillness, as the pines
That bow their stately crests before the winds ;
And prone on earth her youthful sister lay,
With hidden face, and low convulsive sobs.
But, to the last, the *mother faltered not* :
She who had cherished to idolatry
That young frail creature, and divided her,
With an impassible devotedness,
From all things else on earth. She who had erred
In the injustice of her tenderness,
And poured the vials of maternal love
A thousand-fold on one—*she faltered not* ;
But with a bursting heart, put back the tide
Of anguish and despair, and lifted up
Her soul with that already plumed for heaven,
And strove to smooth the bitterness of death
With words of consolation, peace and prayer
And holy inspiration. “ Sing to me,
Kind mother ; sing to me that old sweet hymn,
Which, in our village church, so solemnly
Welcomed each Sabbath day : I well believe,

That even 'mid the harmonies of saints,
It will return to me."

'T was difficult
To take from agony a voice for song ;
Yet the devoted mother poured the strain
Of holy beauty on the dying ear,
That seemed to drink its melody with joy,
And stifled the deep groans that often strove
To pass her lips—*hers was heroic love*.
Unheeded by the mourning band, a child—
A bright-haired boy—had wandered from their fires,
To gather prairie flowers—and now returned
With a rich store of fragrance and of bloom,
And with the impulse of a loving heart,
Showered the rich blossoms on his sister's breast.
She turned her face to his, illumined with
A smile of most benignant tenderness,
And clasping in her own his rosy hands,
She gave into his trust a solemn charge :
" Be true to man, to God—be staff and stay
'To our beloved parents—falter not
In the good path—and we shall meet again !"
Simple those words, and few : yet shall they cling
Upon his brain while memory holds her seat,
And with their serious tenderness and truth,
Charm, like a talisman, his soul from wrong.

The hours wore on, and gradually the face
Of the departing maiden, more and more
Revealed the hand of the victorious king.
The strife was almost over—if, indeed,
Strife might be called that ebbing of the tide
Of pain, of consciousness, of life away.
Yet still there was a duty unfulfilled—
A prayer unuttered—and it was the last
That left the wan lips of the fainting girl,
Breathed on a mother's ear.

“ When I am gone,
Take from my breast a curl of raven hair,
And mingle with it one long braid of mine,
Then send them home to *him* ;

And say I died
Peacefully—trusting he would turn away
From his dark course of evil and of sin,
And meet me there !”

She raised her hand on high ;
It fell, a lifeless thing—a tremor shook
Her delicate frame, as the breeze shakes the flower,
And life was gone.

They broke the sod of flowers,
And made her virgin grave beside the spring
Which laved her dying brow, and went their way
Across the wilderness. Nor is there aught

To mark her lone and distant resting-place ;
The human eye might seek in vain to trace
The vestige of her last repose—amid
The long, rank grass that shadows all the earth—
But *angels know the spot, and guard it well !*

MY COUSIN JANE.

—
“ We talked with open heart, and tongue
Affectionate and true.”—WORDSWORTH.
—

I.

ON thee I think with sympathy,
Undimmed by care, or doubt, or pain ;
And feel my heart still turn to thee,
My cousin Jane, my cousin Jane.
Whether within thy garden fair,
Amid its ever-blooming flowers,
We wandered like the southern air,
In those dear southern bowers ;

Or whether in thy chamber lone,
We held together commune deep,
When hollow was the night wind's tone,
And all the household wrapt in sleep ;
Still, fondly as the infant turns
Its mother's eyes to meet again,
So steadfastly my spirit burns
With love for thee, my cousin Jane.

II.

For motherlike thou wast to me,
A matron ere I saw the light;
Thou held'st thine infants on thy knee,
Before I rose upon thy sight.
And when my mother waned away,
Into her dark, unbroken rest,
And I a tiny infant lay,
Thou camest, and took'st me to thy breast.
And there I nestled tender watched,
As free from all the earth's alarms,
As if by angel guardians snatched
From grief, and cherished in their arms.
And for this early, gentle love,
Unchanged by absence, grief or pain,
This tie of blood, all else above,
I bless thee oft, my cousin Jane.

III.

Yes! we two have together roved,
As if no long dividing years,
My date from thine had far removed—
Together shared our smiles and tears.
And few that gaze upon thy cheek,
Whereon the rose still holds its reign,
And thy blue eyes that seem to speak,
Would wish thee to be young again.
Dost thou remember all the days,
When the hot sun forbade to roam?
How glad and joyous were our ways
Within that shadowed porch and home;
With tales of other times beguiled—
Stories of former joy or pain—
Thou cheer'st my spirit till I smiled.
I miss thee *now*, my cousin Jane.

IV.

And when, in grief, my spirit bent
Its heavy wo in tears to shed,
How Heaven-like thy hand was sent
To lift my lowly, drooping head.
Since then I've woven nearer ties,
And wept, and smiled, and wept again,
But met no deeper sympathies
Than thine, my own dear cousin Jane.

Long mayest thou then thy path pursue,
And stoop to rear the drooping flower,
And see around each gorgeous hue
Of bud and fruit to bless thy bower ;
May thy fate in this world of strife
Be gentle as the summer rain ;
Or with the summer sunshine rife,
My cousin Jane !—my cousin Jane !

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